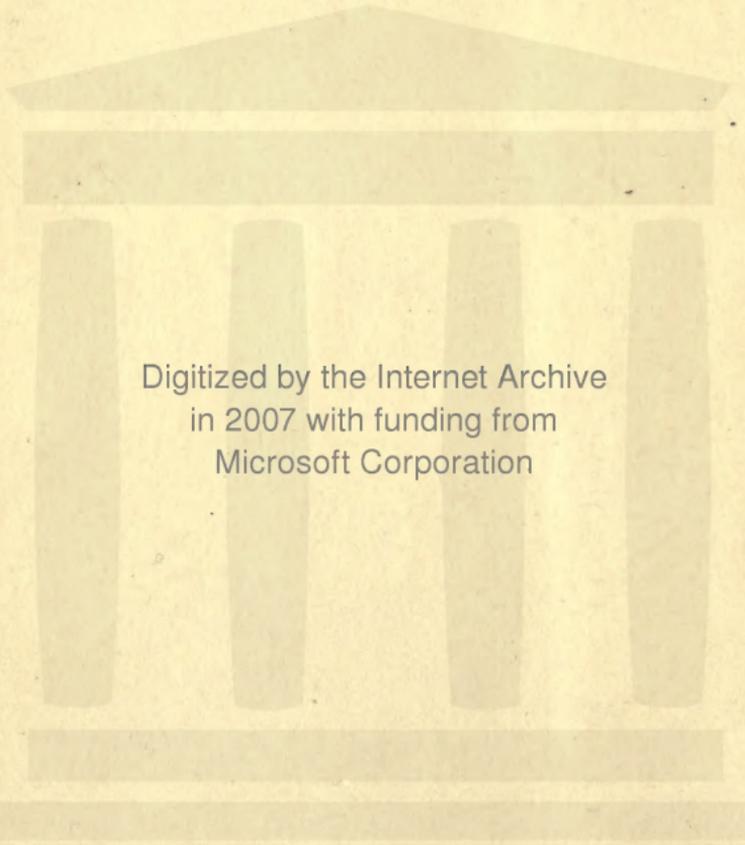


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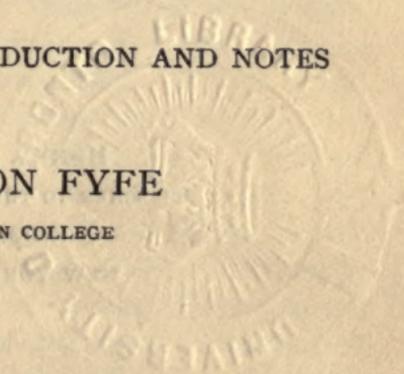
TACITUS
DIALOGUS AGRICOLA
AND GERMANIA

TRANSLATED WITH INTRODUCTION AND NOTES

BY

W. HAMILTON FYFE

FELLOW OF MERTON COLLEGE



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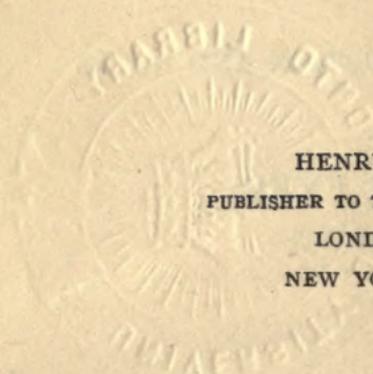
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INTRODUCTION

TACITUS was born in the early years of Nero's principate. Though not of the highest social rank, he belonged to a section of the rich commercial classes which was by sympathy and associations aristocratic. He was therefore educated in rhetoric for a political career. Of this education we get some glimpses in the *Dialogue on Famous Orators*. Although the dialogue was not composed and published until the principate of Titus, its scene is laid in the later years of Vespasian's rule, and gives an idea of the literary discussions to which Tacitus listened in the course of his education at the age of nineteen or twenty. He represents himself as a silent auditor of the discussion in which four men of considerable literary distinction take part. Curiatius Maternus, the host, is both a barrister and a dramatic poet. Having gained some fame as the author of several tragedies advocating republican views, he is intending to retire from the bar and devote himself entirely to the practice of poetry. The respective merits of poetry and oratory are discussed by him and Marcus Aper, a self-made man from Gaul, who had risen to high office by his ability as a speaker. He takes a bluff utilitarian view which forms a strong contrast to the more mystical idealism of Maternus. It is probable that Maternus, like Aper, was of Gallic birth, and a third Gaul listens silently to the exposition of their views. This is Julius Secundus, another distinguished advocate, to whom Quintilian alludes as a very scrupulous and elegant speaker, who would have been one of the most famous orators of his day, had he lived long enough to acquire a

more virile and pugnacious style. His interest in oratory is more literary and less utilitarian than Aper's, and we are told that he had written a biography of Julius Africanus.¹ The comparison of oratory and poetry is interrupted by the entrance of Vipstanus Messalla, a Roman aristocrat, who besides being an advocate, had distinguished himself as soldier, politician, and historian. A new subject now comes up for discussion, the relative merits of ancient and modern oratory. Aper again takes the bluff line of the practical self-made man, and Messalla opposes him in the tone of the Conservative with ancestors and interests in the past. This controversy was popular at that time as it has been in others. All rhetoricians and literary critics took part in it: among them Seneca championed his own contemporaries, while Quintilian took up the cudgels for Cicero and 'the ancients'. The question is not explicitly decided, but the degeneracy of modern times seems to be taken for granted—in spite of Aper's paradoxical resistance—since Messalla and Secundus set about finding reasons for the decline. In this final phase of the discussion we can detect Tacitus's interest in morality, of which all his works give evidence. Literature is regarded as the expression of national life, the shadow of a people's character. The problem is a moral one. The literary decline is the counterpart of moral degeneration. This conclusion is the same as that reached by 'Longinus' at the end of the *Treatise on the Sublime*: and in another conclusion they agree, that the social conditions of the Roman Empire were not conducive to the production of great art. Both Secundus and Maternus state a preference for peace and stable government even with the literary loss which they entail: but it is easy to read between the lines an ineffectual longing for the great, free turmoil of the Republic.

¹ See note on Chapter XIII, p. 122.

It is interesting to trace in these early works the gradual evolution of Tacitus's literary style. Like most great artists he began by conforming to the best models of the past, and gradually evolved a manner of using language better adapted to express the fine shades of his individual character and meaning. The style of the *Dialogue* is Ciceronian, fluent, grandiloquent and largely rhythmical, with occasional glints of the Tacitean epigram. In the *Agricola* and the *Germania* Tacitus has already adopted the style which makes the *Annals* and *Histories* immortal, but the note of rhetoric is struck more often than in the later works. In a translation it is only possible to indicate his change of style very inadequately, but those who are interested in the art of writing may gather from the *Dialogue* the literary doctrine which determined the development of Tacitus's style.

No one of the speakers in the *Dialogue* can be taken to represent Tacitus himself. It is clear that to form his own view he borrowed both from Aper and Messalla. He seems to sympathize with Messalla's tirade against the new methods of rhetorical education, which rested on the false supposition that form and matter, the substance and its expression, can be separated. It was a purely technical training, arid, sophisticated and divorced from reality. Technical and cultural education, he seems to agree, most go together. Either is ineffectual without the other. The good speaker must have learnt much and thought deeply, since, as Thoreau said, 'clearness of writing comes of fullness of thinking, as the fruit drops from the tree.' On the other hand Tacitus evidently agreed with Aper as to the necessity of conforming to the new tastes of the day. No one style is absolutely better than another: the best at any given time is that which best conveys the author's meaning to his public. The audiences of his day would not accept a meaning

embodied in the flowing prolixity of Ciceronian rhetoric. They were all for impressionist art with a rigid economy of words. Hence Tacitus learnt how to crystallize his meaning into epigram, to evolve a syntax which arrested attention, and to adopt a pregnant, precious use of words, which kept his readers on the alert and impressed itself upon their memories.

It is in this 'modern' style that the *Agricola* and the *Germania* are written: and the *Dialogue* throws some light on the object of these two monographs. Tacitus was a 'new man', one of those who by rising to curule office conferred 'nobility' upon their family. He began his official career and held the Quaestorship under Vespasian, rising to be Aedile and Tribune under Titus just about the time at which he wrote and published his *Dialogue*. Thus it seems that at the outset of his career he was already becoming cynical. He has made himself an accomplished speaker, and set his foot upon the ladder, but already he has realized that the political opportunities of the Republic are all suppressed by the Empire. Oratory is no longer queen, and the high offices of state are shadowy distinctions: there is much to be said in favour of retirement and quiet work. Under Domitian in the year 88 A. D. he held the Praetorship, and, after a four years' absence in one of the Provinces, returned to Rome towards the close of Domitian's principate, and was ultimately nominated Consul by Nerva. It was either in the year of his consulship or immediately afterwards that he published the *Agricola* and the *Germania*. Thus he had reached the goal of the orator's and politician's ambition: he had obtained the highest political distinction and power: and he had discovered its worthlessness. The rest of his life is to be spent in the shadow, and he is now to devote his power of self-expression, acquired with a political object, to the composition of a History of the

Empire. These two little books seem to have been written by way of practice, and they show the transition from the style of the spoken to the style of the written word.

Both books have other objects than the mere training of the author's pen. The *Agricola* is a defence of a person and of a party. Agricola, whose daughter Tacitus married during Vespasian's principate, came from the Provinces. The Roman aristocrats 'of the centre' despised the new social elements which the Emperor encouraged. They doubtless regarded Agricola and his son-in-law and all their circle as dreary provincials, whose careful ways and prudent middle course offended and rather disgusted them. The biography is a eulogy of prudent politics and old-fashioned morality. The portrait of Agricola is drawn in the style in which the old heroes of Roman aristocracy were usually depicted. He is soldier, statesman, and orator; and, while defending his prudent mediocrity, Tacitus at the same time claims that he was independent enough to be hated by Domitian and—perhaps—poisoned at his command. With this apology for the middle-classes Tacitus combines a few brilliant outline-sketches of Britain and its conquest, doubtless based on information derived from his father-in-law. In this part of the book the moral object is prominent. Tacitus is seriously anxious to tell the truth, but his aim is less that of an historian than of an historical novelist. He is embodying a view of life, and finds the opportunity for stinging criticisms on fashionable Roman society in such passages as Galgacus's anti-Imperialist speech (chapter 30). The same spirit animates the *Germania*. It is doubtful whether Tacitus had any personal knowledge of the German tribes. It is possible that, when, after holding the Praetorship, he left Rome for the Provinces in 89 A.D., he may have been Governor of Gallia Belgica. But there is no evidence of this, nor does the book itself make it necessary to suppose

that Tacitus had been in Germany himself. He writes of the German tribes, because Rome was rather fearfully interested in them, but he writes always with an eye on Roman society. It is rather as if a modern English satirist should embody his criticism of London manners in a popular pamphlet on Boer society. Future sociologists would not be wise to take such evidence too seriously. Tacitus probably did his best to find out the truth about the manners and customs of the German tribes, but most of the points which vitally interest modern historians did not interest him. In the great History for which he was already collecting materials there would be much to say about the Germans; and their simple manners provided an admirable foil to the tinsel degeneracy of Rome. Hence we get this delightful compound of sociological history and satirical sermon. But the moral and rhetorical elements predominate.

Table of Probable Dates in Tacitus's life.

Nero 54-68.	Tacitus born 54 or 55.
Vespasian 69-79.	married Agricola's daughter, held Quaestorship.
Titus 79-81.	became Aedile and Tribune, published <i>Dialogus de claris oratoribus</i> .
Domitian 81-96.	became Praetor 88, and held a Provincial Governorship for four years afterwards.
Nerva 96-98.	Consul 97, published <i>Agricola</i> and <i>Germania</i> .

NOTE

The text followed is that of Furneaux. All departures from it are mentioned in the notes.

A DIALOGUE ON ORATORY

MY DEAR FABIUS ⁿ,

I

You have often asked me why it is that, although former generations have been rich in able and distinguished speakers, our age alone is unfruitful and so entirely lacks the distinction which eloquence can confer that the name of orator has almost died out. In these days we apply it to none but the ancients. The fluent speakers of our own time are all 'counsel' or 'advocates' or 'pleaders'—in fine, anything but 'orators'.

To answer your question is no light task. If I were to undertake the burden without trying to satisfy the old standards of eloquence, you would think poorly of my taste: if I tried and failed, my ability would stand condemned. Indeed, I only venture the attempt because I need not express my own opinions. It so happens that in my youth I heard this same question discussed by a group of men who for these latter days were really great speakers. All I need do is to recall their talk. This requires no special ability, but merely a faithful recollection of the subtle arguments and weighty utterances which I heard from the mouths of these eminent men. They alleged various yet always plausible explanations of the decline of eloquence, each stamping on his speech the form and figure of his personality. In reproducing the discussion I shall preserve their own divisions of the subject, their various lines of argument, and the order in which they spoke. I should add that there was one of

them who contradicted your contention, and held the ancients up to ridicule, declaring that he preferred the style of the present day to the particular talent of the past.

2 When Curiatius Maternus gave a public reading of his tragedy *Cato* it was thought that the court had taken offence because in writing his play he appeared to have merged his own personality in the very thoughts of Cato. On the day after the public reading, while every one in Rome was talking about it, there called at his house two leading members of the Roman bar,—Marcus Aper and Julius Secundus. Since I was at that time a passionate student of rhetoric, and full of the enthusiasm of youth, I always used to listen with great attention to their speeches in court, and was also in the habit of visiting them at their houses and attending them whenever they appeared in public. I treasured every word they spoke, their table-talk, their discussions, and the sacred mysteries of their private conversation, in spite of the many malicious critics who maintained that Secundus was not a ready speaker and that Aper's reputation was due more to strength of character than to any literary training. As a matter of fact, Secundus's style was terse and idiomatic and as fluent as need be. Aper, who had dipped into all kinds of learning, was not so much ignorant as contemptuous of literature. He seemed to think that he would rise above the merit of mere diligence and earn a greater name¹ if he was known to rely on his natural gifts without the adventitious aids of learning and culture.

3 On entering Maternus's room we found him sitting reading the very tragedy which he had recited in public on the day before. 'My dear Maternus', said Secundus, 'are you so

¹ Reading: *maiolem quam industriae* . . .

little alarmed by the tattle of your critics that you can still take pleasure in your tragedy in spite of the offence it has given? Or have you merely taken it up to give it a careful revision, intending to cut out any passages that are capable of misinterpretation, and publish a version which, if not better, may be at least less dangerous?'

'When it *is* published', said Maternus, 'you will be able to see for yourself what value the author sets on his convictions. You will recognize every word that you heard yesterday. And if I have omitted anything in my *Cato*, at my next public reading my *Thyestes* shall remedy the omission. For I have already planned out this new tragedy and have the plot of it in my head. Indeed, my sole reason for hastening the publication of my *Cato* is that I may be rid of this drama and free to devote my whole attention to my new project.'

'Why', said Aper, 'can you never have done with these 4 tragedies of yours, that you must needs give up the study of law and rhetoric, and devote all your time first to your *Medea* and now to this *Thyestes*? Think of all your friends' cases, that demand your presence in court, and the needs of your clients in the colonies and country towns, which you could barely satisfy even without this new business of writing a *Domitius* and a *Cato*. What is the good of piling Roman characters and Roman history on the top of all these miserable Greek fairy-tales?'

To which Maternus answered: 'I should be upset by your severity, had not disputes been so frequent between us as to become long ago a sort of habit. You never cease bullying and attacking poets, while I, whom you reproach with my desertion of the bar, daily undertake to defend my

poor client Poetry against you. So I am all the more delighted that we have an arbitrator handy, who may either forbid me to write verse for the future or, as I sincerely hope, may force me by his verdict to leave the narrow round of the law courts, where I have already lost more than enough flesh, and to cultivate that higher and holier form of eloquence.'

- 5 'Ah', said Secundus, 'before Aper refuses my arbitration I will follow the example of those honest and conscientious jurymen, who excuse themselves from attendance in cases where one of the parties has a hold upon their feelings. Everybody knows that no one is nearer or dearer to me than my old friend Saleius Bassusⁿ, with whom I have lived for so long. He is at the same time both the best of men and the most consummate poet. So if poetry is on her trial, you could hardly get a more responsible culprit.

'Bassus', said Aper, 'may be easy in his mind. I have no quarrel with him or with any one else who cultivates poetry and literary fame *if he cannot plead cases at the bar*. I lay stress on this because, as we have failed to get arbitration in this case¹, I am not going to allow Maternus to plead in defence the number of his accomplices. It is Maternus alone that I intend to prosecute before you². He is a man born for the manly form of eloquence, for that oratory which enables a man to make friendships and preserve them, to form connexions and to embrace the cause of subject peoples; and yet he neglects its study altogether, though in our whole country there is nothing more fruitful in social profit, more suited to give pleasure, more rich in distinction or better able to give a man a great name in Rome and a celebrity which extends throughout the Roman empire. For if utility is to be the goal of all

¹ Reading: *non inveni*.

² Reading: *apud vos*.

our thoughts and actions, what course could be surer than the practice of that art which gives you a weapon for the defence of your friends, for the assistance of strangers, and for the protection of those in danger? It is a weapon with which you can bring fear and terror on your jealous enemies, while you run no risk yourself, and are protected by a power and a position which you can never lose. While all goes well, this beneficent power protects and shelters others: and on the first rumour of danger, eloquence is a better safeguard for the accused in court than sword and buckler for the soldier on the field. It is both a weapon and a shield. You can use it to parry accusations or to attack others, wherever you may be, whether in court or in the senate or in the presence-chamber. When the senate a year or two ago attacked Eprius Marcellus ⁿ, what armour had he save his eloquence? But girt with this he proved a formidable foe and more than a match for the philosophy of Helvidius ⁿ, who was indeed a fluent speaker but an untrained novice in contests of this kind. However, I will not dwell further on the question of utility; that is a point on which I fancy my friend Maternus will not disagree with me.

I pass on now to the pleasure which oratory can give, ⁶ a delight which is ours not at this moment or at that, but all through our lives, almost in every hour of every day. For to a man of liberal and cultured mind, able to distinguish the highest pleasures, nothing can be more delightful than to see his house daily thronged with a distinguished company, and to know, moreover, that he owes this compliment not to his wealth, nor to the fact that he has no heirs ⁿ, nor to any office that he holds, but simply to his own merits. The childless millionaire, rich and influential as he is, often comes to the

penniless young barrister to beg his services in court for himself or for his friends. Wealth and influence can give a man no pleasure greater than the barrister enjoys when grave and reverend seniors abundantly provided with every kind of wealth, whose influence is co-extensive with the empire, are forced to come to him and confess that they lack the greatest gift of all. Consider, again, the fashionable crowds that attend the orator in public, the great appearance he makes, the respect that he enjoys in court; consider the satisfaction of rising to take your place amid the general silence, with all eyes riveted upon you, while the crowd flocks round you so close that it responds to every feeling you choose to display. But these are the coarser joys of public speaking, which are obvious even to the uninitiated. On a higher plane are those hidden pleasures which are known to none but the orator himself. If a speaker delivers a carefully prepared address, his satisfaction, like his style, is solid and restrained: if he comes provided with a new composition, and feeling rather nervous about it, his very anxiety makes success the more agreeable and adds to his pleasure. But the keenest satisfaction of all is derived from the bold excitement of speaking *ex tempore*. The human mind is like a field. The crops we plant and cultivate ourselves are pleasing, but Nature's wildflowers give the greatest pleasure.¹

- 7 'Let me speak for myself. I can remember my satisfaction at obtaining a seat in the senate; I can remember the days when I, a "new man", born in a country against which there is a general prejudice, rose at length to be quaestor, tribune, praetorⁿ; yet I freely confess that I have never been happier

¹ Reading: *quamquam quae seruntur atque elaborantur grata, gratiora tamen quae sua sponte nascuntur.*

than when to the best of my meagre ability I have succeeded in saving a prisoner or pleaded a cause successfully before the Board of a Hundred,ⁿ or been able to defend the freedmen and officers of the household in the Emperor's court. At those times I feel that I have reached a height from which I can look down on rank and office, because I possess a power which, if it is not born in a man, can never come with influence or be conferred by letters patent. Indeed, no other art can bestow a distinction comparable to the praise and glory which orators enjoy. It is not only in Rome among busy politicians that they are famous, but equally among the young and idle, if they are the right sort and have good hopes of themselves. It is the names of our orators that mothers din into their children's ears. No one is so famous. The ordinary man in the street, the unfashionable nobody, knows their names and points them out as they go by. Their fame has even spread to the provincial towns and to the colonies. Directly a country cousin or a foreigner comes to Rome, he inquires for them and tries to recognize the men of whom he has heard so much.

'I am prepared to maintain that Epius Marcellus, of 8 whom I spoke just now, and Vibius Crispusⁿ—I prefer to take recent examples rather than old forgotten names—were as well known in the farthest corners of the empire as at Capua or Vercellae, where they were born. It is true that they owed to their powers of speech their vast fortunes of two hundred and of three hundred million sesterces; yet their fame was due not to their wealth but simply to their eloquence. Truly its power seems superhuman and divine. All ages have provided examples of the height to which men can rise by the force of this ability. But, as I said just now, these which

I have cited are nearer to us : we need not be told of them ; we can see them for ourselves. The mean station of their birth and the grinding poverty which hampered their youth only add to their glory, and make them better instances of what eloquence can do for us. They had none of the advantages of noble ancestry or ample means, neither showed great moral character : one of them was despised for his physical defects ; and yet for many years they have been the most powerful men in the country. As long as they liked they held the first place at the bar ; now they carry everything before them, hold the first place in the Emperor's friendship, winning from him an affection that is almost deferential. Our venerable Emperor is always ready to face the truth. He clearly recognizes that the rest of his Friends ⁿ owe their position to the distinctions they have received from him, distinctions which he can easily multiply upon them or transfer to other shoulders, while Marcellus and Crispus have brought him a distinction which they have never received from his hand and never could receive. Indeed, among all these rich rewards, such things as statues and inscribed medallions ⁿ necessarily rank low, though in themselves they are no more contemptible than riches, which people often abuse but seldom despise. Such, then, is the honour, the distinction, and the wealth which we see heaped upon the men who from their early youth have devoted themselves to the study of rhetoric and the practice of the bar.

- 9 'And as for this poetry and verse-making to which Maternus wishes to devote his life—it was this which gave rise to my outburst—it neither wins any position for its devotees nor advances their interests, while they gain from it but a fleeting pleasure and a praise devoid of profit. I daresay you may be

offended at this and at what I am going to say, Maternus. You may refuse to listen, but still, I ask you, however eloquent Agamemnon or Jason may be in one of your plays, what is the good of it to any one? No one gains a verdict by it, or goes home feeling under any obligation to you. Our friend Saleius is a distinguished poet or—to give him a more honourable title—a “most illustrious bard”. Yet nobody escorts him to the senate or pays calls on him or accompanies him in public. And then, supposing a friend of his or a relative or Saleius himself gets into difficulties, he must resort to Secundus or to you, Maternus—but not because you are a poet. He will not want you to write verses for him. He can make them for himself, very pleasant and agreeable verses—but what is the upshot of them all? He works all day long and a great part of the night for a whole year, and, when at last he has hatched out and polished up a single volume, he has then to go round and invite an audience that will condescend to listen to it. And it will cost him money, too, for he has to rent a house, and fit up a lecture-room, and hire seats, and distribute programmes. Then, however brilliant the success of his reading, at the best his fame only lasts for a day or two. It is nipped in the bud, and never bears any solid fruit. It earns him no friends or clients, no lasting sense of obligation in anybody’s mind, nothing but fitful applause, empty compliments, and a bubble satisfaction. We were lately applauding the Emperor’s splendid generosity in making Saleius a grant of five hundred thousand sesterces. It is a fine thing, certainly, to gain the Emperor’s favour by your talent, but how much finer to cultivate your own garden, to live your own life, and to be indebted to no one’s generosity but your own! Nor is that all. If your poet is to complete a really

polished poem he must give up the society of his friends and the pleasures of Rome, renounce all other occupations, and retire into lonely privacy, or, as he would say himself, "into the groves and woods."

- 10 'The poets themselves say that fame is the sole reward of all their labours, the one master for whom they work—and yet the orator wins more fame than they do. No one knows the minor poets, and few people know the good ones. The fame of a reading, however remarkable it may be, never spreads all over Rome, to say nothing of the provinces. When Spaniards or Asiatics or my own countrymen come to town, how many of them inquire for Saleius Bassus? And even if a stranger does inquire for him, one look is enough: he goes his way contented, as if he had seen a painting or a statue. Please do not think that I am speaking of those to whom Nature has denied the faculty of public speaking. I do not want to deter them from poetry, if they can wile away their leisure in that pursuit and find a nook for themselves in the temple of fame. For my part, I honour and reverence every kind of literary composition, not only your "tragic buskin" or the lilt of an epic poem, but dainty lyrics too, and playful couplets, biting lampoons, and *jeux d'esprits*; and I rank all the various branches of literature above any other form of art. My attack is against you, Maternus, because, while your gifts might lead you up to the very citadel of literature, you prefer to stray below; you might reach the heights, yet you loiter on the easier slopes. Suppose you had been born in Greece, where a gentleman is allowed to devote himself to athletic sports; and suppose Providence had provided you with the muscles of a Nicostratus¹¹; do you think I should allow such brawny arms, built for battle, to waste and wane

in throwing little darts or tossing quoits? You see what I mean. I am calling you from your theatres and lecture-halls to come and do real battle in the forum. Above all, remember that you cannot take refuge in the defence, which so many set up, that the orator is more liable to give offence than the poet. Your generous nature quickly catches fire, and when you give offence it is not in defending a friend, but as champion of the cause of Cato—which is far more dangerous. Nor can you plead in excuse the exigencies of the case, or your duty to your client, or a sudden, unpremeditated outburst. On the contrary, you obviously chose the chief character of your drama deliberately, as one whose eminence would lend weight to his utterances. I know what you will say: that you gain wide approbation by doing this, become at once the darling of the theatres, and are soon in everybody's mouth. Then you must withdraw the plea that you seek a quiet life, since you choose an adversary so much greater than yourself.ⁿ I am content with private disputes and the men of my own time, and, if in defending a friend I am forced to offend the powers that be, they applaud my loyalty and forgive my independence.[?]

Aper spoke with his usual vehemence and an earnestness **II** which showed in his face. When he had finished Maternus replied lightly, with a smile: 'I was preparing to launch against the orators an attack as lengthy as Aper's eulogy. For I imagined that he would digress from his praises into a depreciation of poets and demolish the whole art of poetry. But he has thrown me a cunning sop in his gracious concession that those who cannot plead at the bar may write poetry. For my own part, while I may perhaps be able to do some good in pleading at the bar, yet by the reading of my tragedies

I have already entered on the path of fame. For it was I that broke the spell of Vatinius ⁿ which had such an evil influence on Nero ¹ and even profaned the sanctity of literature ; and to-day, too, any fame that I enjoy seems to me to be due more to my poetry than to my speeches. And, indeed, I have already determined to cut myself off from the bar. I have no desire for those attentions, the public escorts and the crowds of callers that you mention, no more than for the bronze medallions that are thrust into my house against my will. A man's position and his peace of mind are better preserved by innocence than by eloquence ; and I have no fear that I may ever need to make a speech in the senate on my own behalf.

- 12 'As for the groves and woods and that seclusion of which Aper speaks so scornfully, these things afford me so much pleasure that I reckon them among the chief delights of poetry. The poet does not write in the city's din with clients clinging to his door-step, and amid the tearful appeals of bedraggled defendants. He retires into the pure air of innocence, and has his home in holy country places. Poetry is the cradle of literature, and its most sacred shrine. Poetry suits the simple tastes of a primitive age, and it was in the garb of verse that literature first appealed to pure and guiltless hearts : verse was the language of oracles. This greedy and red-handed rhetoric is of later birth, the offspring of degeneracy, fulfilling, as Aper truly says, the function of a weapon. That happy time, the golden age, as we poets call it, knew nothing of barristers and crime : it was rich in poets and inspired bards whose task it was to celebrate good actions, not to defend bad ones. Never were men more famous or

¹ Reading : *in Neronem.*

more highly honoured alike by gods and mortals. For they were said to deliver the oracles of the gods and to be present at their banquets ; while at the courts of those heaven-born and holy kings we hear of no pettyfogging pleaders, but of Orpheus and of Linus, and, if you go still farther back, of Apollo himself. You may say this is fiction and fable, but at any rate you must admit, my friend, that posterity has honoured Homer no less than Demosthenes : that the fame of Euripides or Sophocles is as wide as that of Lysias or Hyperides. The critics of to-day are more ready to challenge the reputation of Cicero than of Vergil ; nor are any of Asinius's or Messala Corvinus's ⁿ volumes as famous as Ovid's *Medea* or Varius's *Thyestes* ⁿ.

' I certainly do not hesitate to rank the poet's happy lot 13 and his fellowship with the Muses above the perilous and troubled life which public speakers lead. Their contests and their cases may carry them up to the consulship ; but I vastly prefer Vergil's peaceful, safe seclusion, in which he still enjoyed the favour of the sainted Augustus, and was famous throughout the empire. Witness the letters which Augustus wrote to him, and the behaviour of the Roman populace. When some verses of Vergil were recited in the theatre, and the poet himself happened to be present, the audience rose as one man to do him honour, almost as if he had been the Emperor. And even in our own times Pomponius Secundus ⁿ has as great a name as Domitius Afer ⁿ, and will be as long remembered by posterity. You quote the cases of Crispus and Marcellus, but what is there so very enviable in their position ? The fears they feel or the terror they inspire ? Their services are daily sought, and every refusal ¹ earns them

¹ Reading : *non praestant*.

a grudge. They have to fawn like slaves; yet while we think them servile, our rulers consider them only too independent. As for their supreme authority, the Emperor's freedmen enjoy as much! No, I had far rather be free from these harassing cares, and from the necessity of doing violence to my feelings every day. Let me be done with those senseless, perilous courts, and the timid pursuit of a phantom glory. Let "those sweet Muses", as Vergil calls them, carry me up to their holy hill, where the springs of poetry flow. There may no noisy callers or panting freedman break my sleep: may I never need to ensure my future safety by a cringing will, and never have more money than I can safely leave to any one I please. And "when at the last my final summons comes", carve me in effigy not fierce and frowning, but smiling and laurel-crowned, and let no man seek the aid of senate or of Emperor to prolong my memory by public honours.'

- 14 Maternus spoke with emotion like one inspired. He had scarcely finished when Vipstanus Messala¹ entered the room, and divining from their looks that they were engaged in a serious discussion, said, 'Perhaps I have come at the wrong moment? Am I interrupting a private meeting? Are you rehearsing the defence of some case?' 'Not at all, not at all', said Secundus; 'indeed, I wish you had joined us earlier, for you would have been delighted both with Aper's elaborate speech urging Maternus to transfer all his ability and energy to pleading at the bar, and with Maternus's rich eloquence in defence of his verses, which, as befitted a poet, was more emotional¹, more in the style of a poet than of a public speaker.'

¹ Reading: *ardentior*.

‘ True ’, said Messala, ‘ I should have enjoyed your talk immensely, and I am also delighted to find that men like you, the greatest speakers of our day, not only devote your talents to your cases and to rhetorical exercises, but also indulge in discussions of this kind, which both sharpen the wits and give to yourselves and also to any one who may hear you the highest pleasure that learning and literature can afford. You, Secundus, by your biography of Julius Africanus ⁿ, have given your readers promise of many more such books, and I am bound to say that your merit seems to me at least as great as Aper’s, who has not yet given up academic discussions, and spends his time, not like the statesmen of old, but rather like the politicians of to-day.’

‘ My dear Messala ’, said Aper, ‘ it is always the same with 15 you. You only admire what is ancient, and pour contempt and ridicule on your own times. For I have constantly heard you talk like this. Forgetful of your own and of your brother’s ⁿ eloquence, you maintain that in these days there are no great speakers. And you evidently do this with the less compunction because no one can accuse you of malice, seeing that you deny to yourself the reputation which the world allows you.

‘ Well ’, said Messala, ‘ I do not repent of what I have said, and I do not believe that either Secundus or Maternus disagrees with me,—no, nor you yourself, my friend, though you sometimes argue on the other side. I wish I could persuade one of you to investigate and explain to us the causes of this vast difference. I am constantly trying to discover them myself. And what comforts some people only increases my perplexity. I mean that the gulf which separates Aper or Africanus or the present company from Cicero or Asinius Pollio is even less wide than the gulf between Aeschines and

Demosthenes on the one side and on the other the great Sacerdos Nicetesⁿ, or any one else whose pupils shake the walls of Ephesus or Mytilene with their noisy applause.'

- 16 'You have raised a big question', said Secundus, 'and one well worth discussion. But no one can deal with it better than yourself, who have added to your great natural ability and your wide learning a careful study of the subject.' 'Very well', said Messala, 'I will tell you what I think, but only on condition that you promise to assist me in the discussion.' 'I can promise for two of us', said Maternus. 'Secundus and I will take up any points that we see you have omitted—or rather, I should say, that you have left for us. Aper, of course, as you said just now, never agrees with us on this point; and I am sure he is girding himself for battle already, for he cannot endure to sit still and listen to our united praises of antiquity.' 'You are right', said Aper. 'I certainly cannot allow your caucus to pass an adverse verdict on our century without a word being said in its defence. But I want to ask you first of all whom you call the ancients. When did the orators live to whom the term refers? For my part, when I hear of 'the ancients' I think of men who were born long ages ago. I have visions of Ulysses and of Nestor, who lived about thirteen hundred years before our time. But you put forward Demosthenes and Hyperides, who, as we know, were contemporaries of Philip and Alexander, but both outlived them. So it is clear that there are scarcely more than three hundred years between the age of Demosthenes and our own. If you compare that period to the life of our weak, mortal bodies, it may perhaps appear long, but compared to the life of the world and the endless succession of the ages, it seems quite short and but as yesterday. Cicero in his *Hortensius* speaks of

the solar year, which is not completed until the planets come round again to the position from which they started. Now that year includes 12,954 of what *we* call years ; so if we take that as the real true year it follows that your Demosthenes, whom you suppose to be so remote and ancient, was born not only in the same year, but in the very same month, as ourselves.

‘ However, I will pass on to the Roman orators. You seem 17 always to reckon as superior to the speakers of the present day not only Menenius Agrippa, who may be considered ancient, but Cicero and Caesar and Caelius and Calvus and Brutus and Asinius and Messala Corvinus ⁿ. But why you should ascribe these names to antiquity and not to our own times I really cannot see. Take Cicero alone. His freedman, Tiro, states that he was killed on December 7 in the consulship of Hirtius and Pansa ⁿ. That was the year in which the sainted Augustus appointed Quintus Pedius and himself as consuls to take the place of Hirtius and Pansa. Now Augustus’s reign lasted fifty-six years ; Tiberius ruled twenty-three years, Caligula nearly four ; Claudius and Nero between them covered twenty-eight. Add to these the one long year which saw Galba, Otho, and Vitellius on the throne, and the six happy years during which our gracious Emperor Vespasian has cared for the welfare of the country, and reckoning from the death of Cicero down to the present day, you get a total of 120 years, which is no more than the limit of a lifetime. Why, I myself have seen in Britain an old native who could actually say that he had been present at the battle in which the Britons endeavoured to repulse Caesar’s invading army from their shores. Supposing this man, who fought against Caesar, had been taken prisoner or

had come by some chance or of his own free-will to Rome, then the same man might have listened to Caesar and to Cicero, and also have been present at our speeches. You must have seen for yourselves, at the last distribution of largesse, several old men who said that they had more than once received largesse from the hands of the sainted Augustus. You may conclude, therefore, that they could have heard Corvinus and Asinius, for Corvinus lived until the middle of Augustus's reign and Asinius almost to the end. So you have no right to cut one epoch into two, and to apply the term "ancient" to orators who are linked to us by the fact that the same audiences might have listened to their speeches and to ours.

- 18 'I have put this argument first because I wished to show that if the age in which these orators lived derives any honour and glory from them, that glory is common property, and we have a better claim to it than Servius Galba or Caius Carboⁿ, or any others of those who really deserve the epithet of "ancient". For their style is rough and primitive, deficient in form and in polish, and it is a pity that your great orator Calvus or Caelius or Cicero himself ever thought of imitating it in the slightest degree. Now I am going to take a bolder line and speak more plainly; but I must first point out that the style of oratory changes with the times. Thus, compared with the elder Catoⁿ, Caius Gracchus has a fuller and a richer style. L. Crassusⁿ, again, is more polished and ornate than Gracchus. Cicero has more distinction, more wit and more passion than either; while, compared with Cicero, Corvinusⁿ has a riper, more agreeable, style, and takes more trouble in the choice of words. I do not raise the question which was the most eloquent. For the present

I am content to show that there are more styles of eloquence than one, and that even among those whom you call the ancients several styles can be detected. Difference need not mean degeneration. It is a fault of human nature always to praise the past and despise the present. There are, doubtless, men who admire Appius Claudius ⁿ more than Cato. Even Cicero, as we know, had his critics who thought him bombastic and redundant, too prancing and overwhelming and lacking in the true Greek restraint. You have doubtless read the letters which Calvus and Brutus addressed to Cicero. They show you at once that Cicero thought Calvus dry and feeble, while Brutus seemed disjointed and dull. Cicero's style, again, was criticized by Calvus as loose and lifeless, and by Brutus as having, to use his own words, "no backbone and no spunk." ⁿ If you ask me, I think they all told the truth. But I will deal later with them one by one; my business now is with the whole class.

'The admirers of the ancients usually define the antique 19 period as ending with Cassius Severus¹, who was the first, they say, to break away from the old plain style of speakingⁿ. Now I am prepared to maintain that he adopted a new style consciously and deliberately, and not at all because he was illiterate or lacked ability: for he realized that, as I was saying just now, new styles, new types of oratory, must be developed to suit new conditions and new tastes. In the old days the audiences were rough and unsophisticated. They were content to endure intricate and interminable speeches. They even thought it a merit to talk out time. What they liked was a long and ingenious introduction, a series of irrelevant

¹ Reading: *quem usque ad Cassium Severum faciunt.*

stories, an elaborate display of "firstly", "secondly", and "thirdly", and an endless string of syllogisms. They prized every precept in the arid textbooks of Hermagoras and Apollodorusⁿ, and if a speaker appeared to have taken the merest sniff at philosophy and could drag some philosophical platitude into his speech, he was lauded to the skies. And no wonder: for such things seemed new and paradoxical in those days, and very few even of the speakers knew anything of the theory of rhetoric or the conclusions of philosophy. But all that is common knowledge now. You can hardly find a man in the well of the court who has not been educated in the elements of such culture or at least got a smattering of it. So Rhetoric must seek new paths. The speaker must avoid boring his audience, and all the more so in these days when juries are so independent. For our modern juries assert their own authority and refuse to be bound by legal precedent; they ignore the statutory limits of time, and make their own; and, so far from having to wait until the speaker is pleased to come to the point, they frequently warn him themselves, and call him back from any digression, declaring that they have no time to waste.

- 20 ' In these days no one would tolerate a speaker who began by apologizing for his weak state of health. Yet that was what Corvinus generally did. No one could now sit and listen to Cicero's five speeches against Verres, any more than he could endure the *Pro Tullio* or *Pro Caecina* with their interminable talk of pleas and procedure. In our days the jury anticipate your speech, and unless the ingenuity of your proofs or the brilliance of your epigrams or the alluring beauty of your descriptions can seduce them, they are hostile. Even the general public and casual listeners in court have

learnt to look for flowers of rhetoric, and no more tolerate a barrister who adopts the rough austerity of the ancient orators than they would an actor who copied the stilted gestures of Roscius or Turpio Ambivius ⁿ. Even the young beginners, orators still in the making, who try to progress by following good speakers, are always anxious not only to hear but to carry away with them some brilliant saying worth remembering. They repeat these to each other and often quote them in their letters to friends in the provinces or colonies—some reflection, it may be, embodied in a neat epigram or a striking passage of rare poetic beauty. For people expect poetic imagery even in a speech; no mouldy platitude from Accius or Pacuvius, but some treasure from the shrine of Horace or Vergil or Lucan. Thus, by seeking to satisfy the taste of these critics, our style of speaking has become more attractive and ornamental. And it certainly is not the case that our speeches are less effective because they please the ear. Do you suppose that our modern temples are any less stable because they are built not of rough stones and uncut tiles but of gleaming marble and burnished gold?

‘ Let me make a frank confession to you. There are some 21 passages in the ancient orators at which I can hardly help laughing, and others over which I can barely keep awake. And this does not only apply to the proletariat of oratory, Canutius ⁿ, Attius, Furnius, Toranius and the rest of them—like so many specimens of emaciation in a pathological museum! Even in the volumes which the great Calvus has left us,—and they number, if I am not mistaken, one-and-twenty—there is hardly a single speech which really satisfies me. And I see that the rest of the world agrees with me. Who

reads Calvus's speeches against Asitius or against Drusus? I admit that every student pores over his *Prosecution of Vatinius* and particularly the second speech. But why? Just because there both style and substance are made attractive. It is written to please the ear, which only proves that Calvus too knew the better part, and would have written with more distinction and grace if he could. It was not the will but the skill which he lacked. As for Caelius, I like a few of his speeches, or at least some portions of them, in which one can detect the brilliance and elevation of the modern style. But the vulgarity of his language, the constant hiatus, the clumsy phrasing, all savour of antiquity, and surely no one can be such a passionate antiquarian as to praise Caelius for those of his qualities which are typically antique. For Caesar we must make allowances. The high thoughts and all the great business that engaged him prevented him as a speaker from realizing the promise of his incomparable powers. Brutus too we must certainly leave to philosophy. Even his admirers admit that on the platform he fell short of his reputation. Perhaps some people do still read Caesar's speech on behalf of the Samnite Decius or Brutus's defence of King Deiotarus and similar dull, lifeless compositions; but that can only be because they like their poetry. For Caesar and Brutus wrote poems, and put them in their friends' libraries too. They were no better than Cicero, but have been more lucky, for their poetry is less known.

'Asinius Pollio belongs to a nearer period, but he always seems to me to have gone to school with Menenius and Appius. He must have copied Pacuvius and Accius quite as much in his speeches as in his tragedies, for his sentences are like dry bones. A speech is like a human body, which is

not beautiful so long as the veins are visible and the ribs can be counted. The blood, cool and healthy, must fill out all the limbs, and well up over the muscles, concealing the sinews under the red flush of health. Corvinus I do not wish to criticize. One cannot blame him for lacking the rich brilliance of our modern style. He could not help it, for evidently his better judgement was ill supported by his natural abilities.

‘ I come now to Cicero, who fought with his contemporaries 22 the same battle that I am fighting with you. They admired the ancients, while he preferred the style of his own day. His superiority to the other speakers of his own time is above all shown in his critical taste. He was the first to perfect literary style by paying attention to the choice of words. He made writing an art. He even attempted flowery passages and invented some good sayings of his own, at any rate in the speeches of his later period towards the end of his life, when he had made progress in the art, and learnt by experience what was the best style of oratory. His earlier speeches are not free from the vices of the antique style. His introductions move slowly ; his narratives are longwinded, and his digressions tiresome. His feelings are not easily roused, and he seldom glows with emotion. Few of his periods are neatly rounded off or end effectively. There is nothing to pick out and carry away with you. He reminds one of primitive architecture where the walls are strong and durable but lack finish and ornament. A rich householder is not content with a mere shelter to keep out the wind and rain ; his house must delight the eye. Nor is it enough for him to have in it merely such furniture as he positively needs ; he wants gold and jewels which he can handle and view with

pleasure. So it is with the orator. There are some things which he should avoid as musty and old-fashioned. He must not use rusty archaisms, or allow his sentences to halt and drag like the early annalists. He must shun low and tasteless jokes, and vary his periods, not letting them all end in one and the same rhythm.

- 23 'I do not want to make fun of Cicero's bad puns about "the wheel of Fortune" or "what's sauce for the Bore" or of his "*esse videatur*", which he sticks at the end of every period in all his speeches, by way of an epigram. Indeed, I only quote them under compulsion, and I pass over many other peculiarities of the same sort. And yet our speakers who call themselves "classical" admire that sort of thing. They consider it Cicero's one merit and ape it assiduously. I mention no names. It is quite enough to indicate the class of men I mean. You doubtless have visions of the folk who would sooner read Lucilius than Horace, and Lucretius than Vergil, who think that the rhetoric of Aufidius Bassus or Servilius Nonianus is poor stuff beside Sisenna or Varroⁿ, and admire Calvus's "skeletons", while they affect contempt and distaste for the notes published by our own speakers. When these folk adopt their "classical" style in court, the audience cannot follow their rambling rhetoric: the crowd refuses to listen, and their very clients can hardly stand it. Their style is miserably drab and undistinguished. They are always boasting that there is nothing "diseased" about it—a most anaemic merit! Why, doctors do not think much of the valetudinarian who worries to keep well. Not to be ill is not enough. A man should be full-blooded, spirited, and brave. He is in a bad way, if all you can say for him is that he is not diseased. But I look to you, my eloquent friends,

to shed lustre on your age by developing a perfect style of oratory. You can, and indeed you do. Messala, I notice, often imitates the finer passages in the ancient orators, and as for Maternus and Secundus, you, both of you, have the power of expressing a deep meaning in a brilliant and polished style. You are gifted with a happy invention, and an instinct for arrangement; where necessary, you can be rich in expression, and, where permissible, admirably brief; you show, further, such beauty of rhythm, such clarity of expression, such power of stirring emotion, and such restraint in the use of licence that, even though malice and envy may withhold our verdict, posterity is sure to know your names.'

'You observe', said Maternus, when Aper had finished 24 speaking, 'our Aper's force and warmth. What torrential eloquence he uses in defence of his contemporaries! What rich and varied learning, what talent and enthusiasm he displays in his attack upon the past, borrowing from the ancients the very erudition and skill which he proceeds to use as a weapon against them! Still Messala must not break his promise. We do not ask for a defence of antiquity, nor should we think of comparing any of ourselves, however highly Aper praised us, with the speakers whom he has attacked. Even he is not quite sincere about that. He has merely adopted the old method, which our philosophers have made popular, of making out a case for the other side. So you must not produce, Messala, a eulogy of the ancient orators—their fame is their sufficient praise—but give us the reasons why we have fallen so far below their standard of eloquence, and that although, according to Aper's reckoning, there are only one hundred and twenty years between us and the date of Cicero's death.'

25 'Well', said Messala, 'I will follow Maternus's prescription. There is no need to answer Aper at length. His point, as far as I can see, is purely verbal. He objects to the term 'ancient' being applied to men who are known to have lived a hundred years ago. But I am not going to quarrel about a word. Aper can call them "ancients" or "forefathers", or any other name he likes, so long as he admits that the eloquence of their days was of a higher class than ours. Nor do I combat that part of his speech where he comes to the real point and maintains that not only in different periods of time, but even in the same period, you find more styles of oratory than one. But just as among the Athenian orators the first place is given to Demosthenes and Aeschines, and Hyperides, Lysias and Lycurgus come second, while yet by universal consent the age in which all these speakers lived is considered by far the best: so among Roman orators, while Cicero surpasses all the speakers of his own day, yet Calvus and Asinius and Caesar and Caelius and Brutus are justly ranked above all who came before or after them. Nor are specific differences between them of any importance, since they all belong to the same class. Calvus is concise, Asinius rhythmical; Caesar's style is pure, Caelius's rather harsh; Brutus is dignified, Cicero passionate, rich, and vigorous. But they all show the same healthy sanity. Examine all their writings together, and you find that, although their characters differ, there is a certain kinship and resemblance in their thought and its expression. As for their mutual recriminations, and the criticisms they put in their letters, revealing the bad feeling between them, that does not affect them as orators; it is a fault in human nature. Doubtless Calvus and Asinius and Cicero himself were liable to envy and jealousy

and all other human weaknesses. Brutus alone, I fancy, was actuated by no mean jealousy, but simply and honestly declared his convictions. Was he likely to be jealous of Cicero, when he was not, as far as I can see, even of Caesar? As for Servius Galba and Caius Laeliusⁿ and the others whom Aper is for ever decrying, I need not defend them. I am ready to admit that there was something lacking in their style. It was still in its teens, and had not reached its prime.

‘However, if, putting aside the most perfected oratory, we 26
must choose one style, upon my word I should prefer Caius Gracchus’s impulsive vigour or Lucius Crassus’s ripe eloquence to the affected flourishes of Maecenas or Gallio’s jingling assonancesⁿ. It is better to dress your speech in the roughest homespun than to trick it out with paint and rouge. For the style which is much in vogue to-day little befits an orator, or even a man. Its affected verbiage, shallow thought, and neglect of all the rules of composition produce a thoroughly theatrical effect. It is a thing one hardly likes to mention; and yet many people actually boast as a sign of their cleverness and a claim to fame that they can sing and dance their speeches! Hence we get that horribly extravagant way of talking in which some people constantly indulge, saying ecstatically that a speaker can talk waltzes or an actor dance an eloquent address.¹ I am ready to agree that Cassius Severus—Aper did not venture to mention any other names—compared with those who followed him, may be called an orator, although in much of his writing he shows more signs of liver than of heart. He was the first to despise the logical order, and to give up the careful and proper use of words.

¹ The text is here corrupt, and what appears to be its general drift is given.

Even with the weapons he uses he is not really skilful. In his anxiety to strike a blow, he frequently loses his balance. He does not fight, he brawls. However, as I said, compared with those who came after him, he is vastly superior in varied culture, in polished wit and even in force. But Aper did not mention any of the others. He was afraid to call them out into the fighting line. I expected that when he had criticized Asinius and Caelius and Calvus he would bring up his reserves, and mention at least as many modern speakers, or perhaps more, one of whom he would pit against Cicero, a second against Caesar, and so on all along the line. But, as it is, he has been content to decry the ancient orators by name, and has not ventured to praise any of their successors except in general terms. I suppose he was afraid that if he picked out a few he might give offence to many. For there are remarkably few rhetoricians who do not cherish a secret conviction that they rank above Cicero, though doubtless far below Gabinianusⁿ. However, I shall not hesitate to mention names, and by the use of examples I hope clearly to demonstrate the gradual decline and decadence of oratory.'

27 'No', said Maternus, 'spare us that. We would rather you fulfilled your promise. We do not want any evidence to prove that the ancients were more eloquent than we are. For my part I admit that. We are looking rather for the reasons of the decline. You told us just now that you often considered this question. But you were then in a milder frame of mind, and not so angry with modern oratory. That was before Aper wounded you by attacking your beloved ancients.' 'I am not hurt by my friend Aper's line of argument', he replied, 'nor must you take offence, if anything I say jars on your nerves. You know the first rule in

these discussions is to speak your mind without hurting anybody's feelings.' 'Then proceed', said Maternus, 'and you may speak of the ancients with that old-world freedom which in these degenerate days is even farther from us than their eloquence.'

Then Messala continued, 'The reasons which you seek, 28
Maternus, are not very abstruse. You and Secundus and Aper know them as well as I do, and my task is merely to give voice to the opinions which we all share. Everybody knows why oratory and all the other arts have degenerated from their former glory. The cause is not a dearth of students, but rather the indolence of our young men, the indifference of their parents, the ignorance of the professed teachers, and the general neglect of the old-world morality. These evils, originating in Rome, gradually permeated Italy, and are now finding their way into the provinces. Well, you know your own homes best, so I will confine myself to these native Roman vices which infect our sons in their very cradles, and grow upon them more and more every year. But first I must say a word about our ancestors' strict methods of training, by which they formed their sons' characters. In the old days every Roman's son, born in wedlock, was reared not in the lodgings of some hired nurse, but at his mother's knee and under her sheltering care. Her function was to keep house and devote herself to her children. She could have no higher praise. However, they also selected a relative, some lady of ripe years and reliable character, to whose charge all the children of the family could be safely entrusted. In her presence they could say nothing disgraceful and do nothing dishonourable. She not only controlled their studies and school exercises, but her modest piety also had a refining

influence upon their leisure hours and childish recreations. It was thus, we read, that Cornelia the mother of the Gracchi, Aurelia the mother of Caesar, and Atia the mother of Augustus, presided over their boys' early education and brought them up to be leaders of men. And what was the result of this strict training? The young man grew up frank and honest, untainted by any moral blemish, and was ready to devote himself at once, heart and soul, to some honourable calling. Whatever his inclination—whether towards the army or the law or the art of public speaking—he gave his whole attention to his profession and probed its possibilities to the full.

29 'But in these days our babies are handed over to some Greek servant-girl, while one of the men-servants—often a low scoundrel unfit for any important charge—is told off at random to help her. From his tenderest years the child's untaught mind is filled with these nurses' superstitious tales. Throughout the household no one feels any scruples about anything he may do or say in the presence of the young master. Nay, even parents do not train their boys in honesty and modest behaviour, but let them grow up insubordinate and saucy, till they gradually lose all sense of shame and all respect for themselves and for other people. Then there is a peculiar Roman failing with which our children seem to be imbued at birth—I mean the passion for the theatre and for looking on at athletic contests. When a man's mind is filled with such interests, there is little room left for intellectual pursuits. Yet how many people are there who talk of anything else at home? What else do you hear young men discussing, if you go into a lecture-room and listen to their conversation? Why, even the masters talk more on these

subjects to their classes than on any other, for they attract pupils not by strict discipline or by proved ability but by obsequious behaviour and seductive flattery.

‘ I pass by the question of elementary education, though ³⁰ there too great negligence is shown. Far too little labour is spent on the study of literature and of history, or in acquiring knowledge of science or of philosophy or of politics. Everybody seeks out the people they call “ rhetoricians ”. But before I tell you of the date at which their methods were introduced into Rome, and of our ancestors’ contempt for them, I must first advert to the training undergone by those great orators whose published speeches give evidence of their unceasing labours, their daily toil of preparation, their untiring study in every branch of learning. You must at least be familiar with Cicero’s book entitled *Brutus*. In the earlier part of that book he speaks of the ancient orators, but at the end he describes his own first efforts, and the gradual stages through which his powers of speech were evolved. He studied law, he tells us, with Quintus Mucius ⁿ, and plunged into all the branches of philosophy under the tuition of Philo of the Academy and the Stoic Diodotus. But he was not content with the teachers whom Fortune had provided for him in plenty at Rome. He travelled in Achaia and in Asia, anxious to embrace every possible variety of culture. And so, sure enough, in his books we can detect the fact that he had a knowledge of mathematics, of music, of philology, and in fact of all the sciences and arts. He had mastered the subtleties of logical argument, and the teachings of moral philosophy ; he had studied natural phenomena and their causes. Yes, for so it is, my friends : that admirable eloquence of his is the fruit of all his great learning and of his study in

many different arts and in the whole realm of science. It is the overflow of a full mind. For the orator's power cannot, like other faculties, be confined within narrow limits. The real orator is one who can speak on any conceivable matter in a style that is noble, brilliant, and convincing, and can at the same time do justice to his subject, gain his object, and delight his hearers.

- 31 'Such was the firm belief of those ancient orators, and they understood what was needed to this end: not to practise exercises in the schools of rhetoric, not merely to train the voice and vocal organs in imaginary disputes without the remotest bearing on real life, but rather to fill the mind with those studies which seek to determine the nature of virtue and vice, of honesty and meanness, of justice and injustice. They provide the raw material of oratory. For in court we chiefly dilate upon justice, in debates we treat of expediency, and in eulogies we speak of moral goodness: often, too, we blend all three subjects together. Now a man's treatment of these subjects cannot be full and varied and brilliant unless he has studied human character, and has learnt the nature of virtue and of wickedness and of those qualities which cannot be ranked as either good or bad. Such knowledge is the source of the orator's power. He can more easily excite or soothe the jury's anger if he knows what anger is; and he can more readily move them to pity if he understands the nature of pity and the emotions by which it is aroused. If a speaker has been trained in such subjects as these, no matter whether he have to speak before jurors who are hostile or biased or jealous or sulky or nervous, he will be able to feel the pulse of his audience, and, with all his well-stocked outfit ready for use, he can adapt his speech to suit their temper and

give them in each case the treatment which their character demands. Some audiences are convinced by a concise and pregnant style, which states each argument briefly and has done with it: it will help you with them to have read logic. Others are charmed by platitudes embodied in a smooth and even style, and to appeal to them we must borrow from the Peripatetic school their rhetorical commonplaces, all ready and suited to every kind of argument. The philosophers of the Academy will give you fighting power, Plato a lofty tone, and Xenophon a honeyed sweetness. Even in Epicurus and in Metrodorusⁿ there are some fine moral apophthegms which the orator may find it worth his while to adopt, and to use as the occasion demands. For we are not concerned to train a philosopher or a Stoic logician, but rather a man who is bound to know something about everything and everything about something. It was for this reason that the ancient orators acquired a full knowledge of civil law and a smattering of philology, music, and mathematics. For in most cases, if not in all, some knowledge of the law is demanded, and cases often occur which require a considerable acquaintance with these other subjects.

‘ Let no one answer that it is enough to get up some single 32 subject specially for the occasion. For we make a far better use of our own knowledge than of other people’s, and it obviously makes a vast difference whether our arguments are our own or borrowed. Besides, the knowledge of many subjects lends distinction even when we are not making a direct use of it: when we least expect it, the light of learning manifests itself in our argument. This is clear not only to the skilled expert but even to the man in the street. Audi-

ences immediately applaud and praise the speaker who has undergone a proper course of study and 'learnt all the strokes'. They profess that he alone is the true orator. And that opinion I can confirm. There is no true orator, and has never been one, who has not come into court equipped with varied learning, just as a soldier goes to battle equipped with all his arms. Our modern speakers are so indifferent in this respect that you can detect in their speeches the abominable errors of modern colloquial speech. They are ignorant of the law, they pay no heed to the resolutions of the senate, they even scoff at the statutes of the land, and have a positive horror of the study of philosophy and its conclusions. They are content with a few narrow platitudes. They have degraded oratory. Once she was the queen of all the arts, and filled our minds with a stately retinue of liberal studies ; but now they have dethroned her, docked and shorn her of her retinue, her glory, and almost of all her natural dignity, until oratory is studied like the meanest trade. This I conceive to be the prime reason why we have fallen so far below the standard of the ancient orators. If you want me to cite witnesses, none could be better than Demosthenes among the Greeks, of whom it is related that he was one of Plato's most enthusiastic pupils ; and, among our own orators, Cicero, who stated in so many words that he had gained all his skill not in the rhetorician's workshops, but in the broad groves of the Academy. There are other grave and important reasons for the decline, which it is only fair that one of you should disclose. I have performed my task, and, as usually happens with me, I have given offence to a good many people, who, on hearing my views, are quite sure to say that, in recommending the study of law and of philosophy as

indispensable to the orator, I have merely sung the praises of my own silly hobbies.'

'So far from having finished your task', said Maternus, 33
'I consider that you have only begun it, and have merely indicated the bare outlines of the subject. You have told us of the varied culture which the ancient orators acquired, and you have shown the gulf which separates their keen and fruitful studies from the indolence and ignorance of the present day. But there is more to follow. You have taught me the extent of their knowledge and of our ignorance; and now I want to know something of the methods of training by which their young men who were going to enter public life usually fostered and strengthened their natural abilities. For it is not the knowledge of science or of art that makes the orator, but the developed power of speech. You will not disagree, I feel sure, and the others seem to beam approval.

So when Aper and Secundus had signified their assent, Messala practically started his theme anew. 'Since you think', he said, 'that I have sufficiently indicated the origins and sources of ancient oratory by explaining to you the culture in which the old orators were trained, I will now pass on to their methods of technical education. Of course the actual practice of an art is of itself a good training, and no one can reach the deep and comprehensive knowledge that is needed without combining theoretical study, practice, natural ability, and actual experience. So, you see, it is by the same method that one must acquire the ideas to express and the power of expressing them. If any one considers this dictum obscure, and prefers to separate theory and practice, he must at least admit

that a man whose mind is stored with such culture is far more ready than another to commence those technical exercises which are held to be the proper training for an orator.

- 34 'Well, in the old days, when a youth who was being educated for the bar had obtained at home a sound moral training and some liberal culture, his father or some other relative took him to one of the orators who held a leading position in the country. The boy was then attached to him and followed him everywhere, attending at all his speeches whether in the law-courts or at public meetings; even witnessing his sharp encounters with opponents, and listening to his denunciations. Thus he learnt to fight, as it were, upon the field of battle. The young men soon gained great experience, self-confidence, and good judgement, carrying on their studies, as they did, in the full light of day amid the actual contests of the courts, where no one can contradict himself or say anything stupid without incurring the judge's disapproval, an onslaught from his adversary, and sharp criticism even from the counsel on his own side. So they quickly picked up a real and unaffected eloquence: and although they were attached to one speaker, still they had frequent opportunities of hearing all the great pleaders of the day both in civil and in criminal cases. Besides, in seeing many different audiences they became familiar with people's very diverse tastes, and soon learnt to detect what found favour with each type of audience and what was displeasing. By this means they secured the very best kind of teacher, one who could show them the real nature of eloquence, and not its counterfeit presentment: they secured rivals and opponents who fought them in real earnest with the button off their foils; and audiences always large and always

different, composed of critics both favourable and hostile, so that neither the merits nor the demerits of their speeches passed unnoticed. A really great and lasting reputation must, as you know, be earned among the opposition benches as well as on one's own side: indeed, its growth there is less fitful and more likely to last. Under this system of education the young man, whom we are describing, became the pupil of the great speakers, heard speeches in the forum and attended cases in court. He gained experience from the efforts of others, got to know the law by hearing it cited every day, became familiar with the look of a jury, and learned the vagaries of the popular taste. Thus, whatever case he ultimately came to undertake, whether for the prosecution or for the defence, he was at once able to deal with it by his own unaided efforts. L. Crassus, at the age of eighteen, prosecuted C. Carbo; Caesar was twenty-one when he prosecuted Dolabella, Asinius Pollio twenty-two when he attacked Cato; and Calvus was very little older when he wrote those speeches against Vatinius which we still read to-day with admiration.

‘ In these days we take our sons to the schools kept by the 35 people who call themselves “rhetoricians”. These schools first came into existence a little before Cicero’s time, and found little favour with our forefathers, as one may gather from the fact, which Cicero relates, that the censors Crassus and Domitius ordered them to be closed, calling them “schools of misbehaviour”ⁿ. Well, as I say, we take them to schools where it is hard to tell whether the surroundings or the schoolfellows or the studies do the more harm to their characters. For a boy learns no respect in a place where every one is as ignorant as himself: he gains no profit from his schoolfellows, since they are all boys or young men

together, and care neither what their speeches are like nor what is thought of them. Even the exercises he does generally frustrate their own object. For, as you know, the rhetoricians usually deal with two kinds of subject, "deliberative" and "forensic" speeches. The former are, it is true, entrusted to the younger pupils as being the easier and demanding less ability, but "forensic" speeches are the task of the stronger students, and, really, they are the most absurd and unreal compositions. Their subject having no bearing upon real life, it necessarily follows that their style is bombastic and unreal. Thus they come to discuss in the longest possible words the due reward of tyrannicide, the alternatives open to the victim of a rape, the cure for an epidemic, the morality of incest, and all the other subjects which are debated daily in the schools, but never, or hardly ever, in real life. When they come before a real jury' . . .

[The end of Messala's speech is lost. We may suppose that he finished by discussing the question which he raised at the end of chapter xv, and inquiring into the causes of the even greater decline in contemporary Greek oratory. Where the manuscript resumes, Secundus has begun his second speech. He is insisting on the importance of freedom of speech as a condition of great oratory, and has illustrated his point by reference to the Greek orators.]

36 ' . . . they keep their eye on the object, and thus nothing they say can be trivial or worthless. Great oratory, like fire, needs fuel to feed it, and movement to fan it : it brightens as it burns. In Rome too the same causes made our ancestors' oratory so good. Doubtless the speakers of to-day have obtained all the success that is allowable in a settled, peaceable, and happy community, but our ancestors seem to have

effected more in those days of unrest and licence, when in the general confusion and in the absence of a single ruler a speaker's ability was measured by his power of persuading the ignorant populace. Thus came the ceaseless passing of bills and the winning of popularity thereby: thus came the long speeches by ministers who almost spent the night on the platform: thus came the prosecutions of influential criminals, the feuds handed down in families like heirlooms, the cliques of nobles and the senate's determined struggle with the common people. Doubtless all these things disorganized the country, but they served to whet the oratory of the day, and seemed to heap vast rewards upon it. For the better speaker a man was, the more easily he obtained office, the further he outstripped his colleagues when in office, the more favour he enjoyed with the royal household, the more influence he secured with the members of the senate, the more his name became famous among the common people. Foreign communities flocked to them as clients; when governors started for their provinces they paid homage to them and courted them on their return: praetorships and consulships seemed to beckon to them: and, even though not in office, they were never without power, for they swayed both senate and commons by the weight of their advice. Indeed, people had come to believe that no one who was not a good speaker could ever attain or keep a distinguished position in the country. And no wonder this belief prevailed in the days when men were brought before the popular assembly and forced to speak against their will; when it was not enough to move a motion briefly in the senate, but you had to support it cleverly and eloquently; when those who were prosecuted, or slandered by their enemies, had to answer the

charges in person ; when it was impossible in criminal cases to give evidence by proxy or in writing, and every one had to appear and speak in court. So not only was oratory very profitable, it was actually a necessity. Just as it was a great honour to be thought a good speaker, so to be silent and tongue-tied seemed a positive deformity.

37 ' Thus shame provided as strong an incentive as self-interest. People wanted to rank among the patrons and not among the miserable clients : no one could let the practice his father had left him pass to others: every one was ashamed to lose a post because he was thought idle or incapable of office, or to obtain one and then fill it badly. I do not know whether you have come across some old documents which are still extant in collectors' libraries and are at the present moment being abridged by Mucianus ⁿ. Already, I fancy, he has edited and published eleven books of speeches and three of letters. You can see from these that Cnaeus Pompeius and Marcus Crassus owed their power not only to the force of their arms but just as much to their ability as public speakers. The Lentuli and Metelli and Luculli and the Curiones and those other great nobles all devoted a great deal of trouble and hard work to these studies, and in those days nobody attained great influence without being something of a speaker. Then, again, the defendants were often men of noble birth and the cases were of the utmost importance : such circumstances are in themselves a great source of eloquence. It makes an immense difference whether you have to make a speech about a petty larceny or a rule of procedure or an injunction, or about bribery at an election, the plundering of subject allies, or the slaughter of fellow citizens. It is better, I admit, that such evils should not occur : the country

is happiest when we are not suffering from them : but still, when they did occur, they provided fine material for eloquence. For the speaker's powers vary with the importance of his subject : nobody can make a brilliant or striking speech unless the case warrants it. Demosthenes' fame does not, I imagine, rest on the speeches which he wrote against his guardians : it is not Cicero's defence of Quintius or his speech for Archias that makes him a great orator : it was Catilina and Milo and Verres and Antonius that brought him his present fame. I do not maintain that it was worth the country's while to produce traitors in order to provide her orators with materials for great speeches, but, as I constantly remind you, we must not forget that the art of which we are speaking flourishes the more readily in times of trouble and disturbance. Nobody denies that it is more pleasant and profitable to enjoy peace than to be troubled with war : yet war breeds more great soldiers than peace. It is the same with oratory. The more often an orator has taken his stand, as it were, upon the stricken field, the more blows he has dealt and taken, the greater the adversaries and the fiercer the contests he has encountered, the more is his style heightened and elevated : it wins distinction from his dangers, and lives on the lips of men, whose nature it is to praise enterprise¹ while they prefer safety.

‘ I pass on now to the constitution and procedure of the 38
ancient courts. Although our modern arrangements are more suitable, yet the old bar was a better school of oratory. No one was forced to plead his case within a limited number of hours. There was no restriction on adjournments. Each speaker took as long as he liked, and no limit was set to the

¹ Reading : *periculosa extollant*.

duration of the trial or the number of counsel. These restrictions were first imposed by Pompeius in his third consulship ⁿ when he checked eloquence as with bit and bridle, ordaining, however, that all trials must still be held in a law-court and before a praetor, and must be conducted under legal forms. A great deal of most important business was once tried before the praetor, as is clearly shown by the fact that the Board-of-a-Hundred cases ⁿ, which are now considered the most important, were so completely eclipsed by other more famous courts that there is no record of any speech being delivered before the Board-of-a-Hundred by Cicero or Caesar or Brutus or Caelius or Calvus or, in fact, by any great orator. The only exception is Asinius's set of speeches, entitled *For Urbinia's Heirs*, which he delivered towards the middle of Augustus's reign, when the long period of peace, the unbroken quiet of the nation, the tranquillity of the senate, and above all the Emperor's methods of discipline, had spread a calm over the bar as over everything else.

- 39 'What I am going to say may perhaps seem trivial and absurd, but still I will say it, if only to raise a laugh. Do you not think that our style of speaking owes a loss of dignity to those cloaks in which we swathe and shackle ourselves when we are chatting with the jury? and do you not agree that our oratory suffers because almost all cases are heard to-day in lecture-rooms and offices? It takes a broad track to test the merits of a good horse, and it is the same with speakers. There is a broad field for oratory, and orators must be allowed free rein to disport themselves there, else their eloquence loses all its force and backbone. Indeed, we find in these days that careful and elaborate composition defeats its own object: the jury constantly interrupt, and no sooner have you begun

than you have to answer a question and begin again. Then evidence has to be taken, and witnesses examined, and the judge¹ is constantly stopping your speech for this purpose. Meanwhile there are only one or two people in court to listen to your speech, and you conduct your case almost in solitude. Yet an orator needs acclamation and applause: he demands a theatre for his talent. Think what splendid audiences the old orators had day after day! Great nobles thronged the forum; their clients from the lower classes attended together with deputations from the provincial towns; half Italy was there to support them. For in those days the people of Rome believed that in most trials they had a personal concern. There is good evidence that at the trials of Caius Cornelius and of Scaurus and of Milo and of Lucius Bestia and of Publius Vatinius² the whole population assembled to support one side or the other. The result was that the enthusiasm of the rival crowds affected the most frigid speakers, and lent fire to their oratory. That is why these speeches have survived, and we judge their authors mainly by the speeches which they delivered under such inspiring circumstances.

‘Thus there were constant opportunities of public speaking. 40 Every one had the right to attack the most influential people; and a man gained fame by making enemies. Most of the great speakers did not hesitate to attack Publius Scipio or Lucius Sulla or Cnaeus Pompeius. Even the actors of the time worked on the popular feelings of jealousy and attacked the leading statesmen. One can imagine how all this must have quickened a speaker’s intelligence and fired his eloquence.’

[*The end of Secundus’s speech is lost, and also the beginning*

¹ Reading: *praetor*.

of the last speech, in which Maternus, like the chorus of a Greek tragedy, endeavours to reconcile the antagonisms that have been revealed in the course of the discussion.]

. . . 'The thing of which I am speaking is not a quiet and peaceful art, the product of innocence and good discipline. Really great and distinguished oratory is the offspring of anarchy (fools call it freedom), the handmaid of revolution, the spur of an unbridled populace. It owes no allegiance, knows no self-restraint. Stubborn, audacious, overbearing, it has no place in a well-ordered community. Who has ever heard of an orator at Sparta or in Crete, where history tells us the strictest order and the strictest laws prevailed? Indeed, we never hear of oratory even among the Macedonians or Persians, or among any people that have brooked fixed authority. There have been orators in Rhodes, thousands in Athens, and they were both communities where everything was done by the people, by the untrained and uneducated classes—in fact by everybody. So too in our days of storm and trouble, while Rome spent her strength in party quarrels, while the forum knew no peace, the senate no agreement, the law-courts no control, while great men met with no respect and magistrates commanded no obedience, it is true we produced a sturdier oratory, but so does a neglected field grow more luxuriant grass. However, the eloquence of the Gracchi was not worth what the country suffered from their laws; and Cicero bought his reputation dearly at the price of such an end.

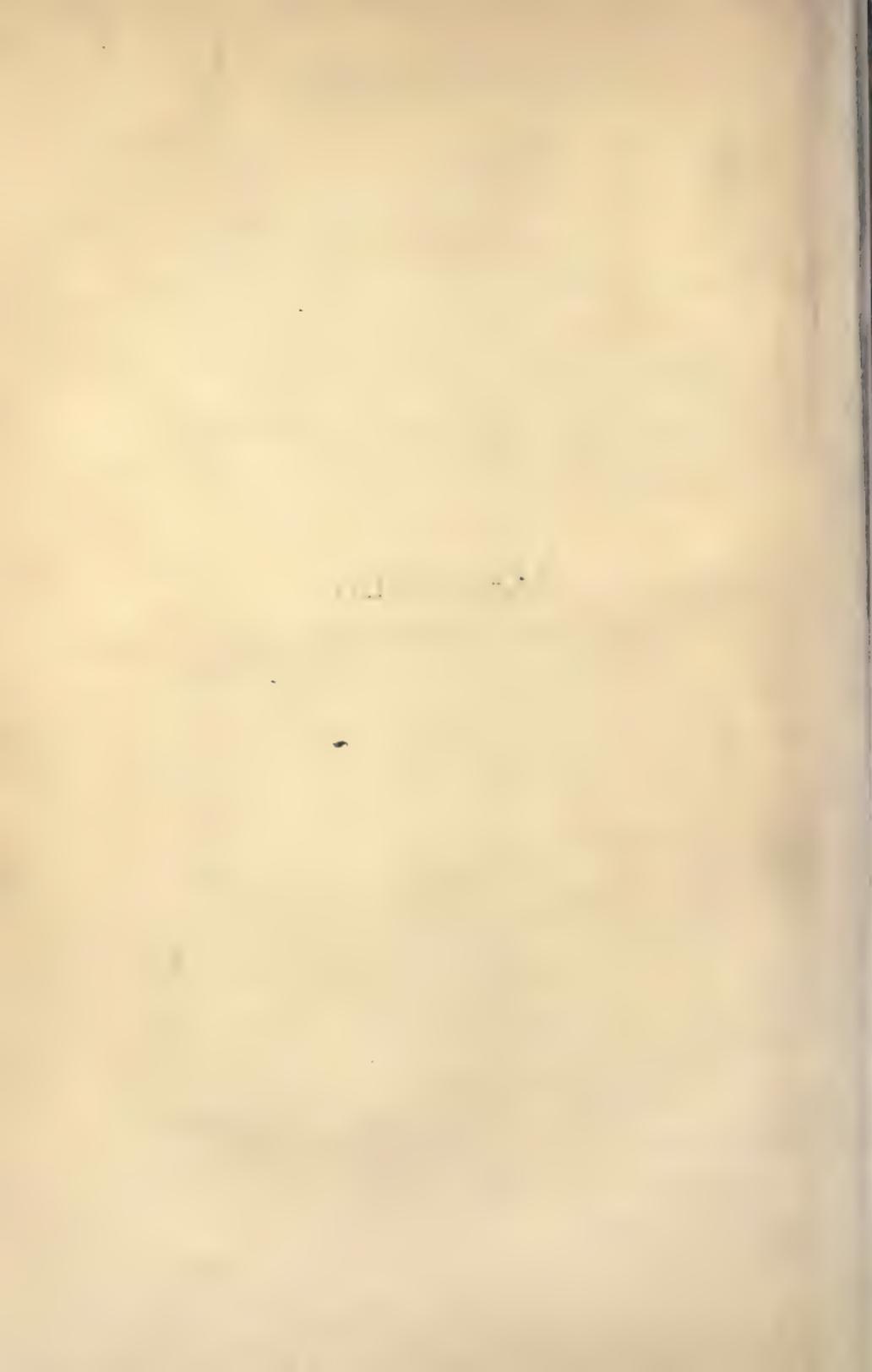
41 'So too what little of the old forensic pleading¹ survives for modern speakers does not point to a reformed community or realized ideals. Who are our clients? The wretched or

¹ Reading : *antiqui . . . fori.*

the wicked. Municipalities do not seek our aid, unless they are troubled by a neighbour's aggression or by intestine disunion. We never defend the cause of a province unless it has been oppressed and plundered. Yet it is better to have no grievances than to obtain redress. If you could find a country where no one ever broke the law, in that innocent community a barrister would be as superfluous as a doctor where nobody was ill. Yet, just as the art of medicine is of least use and makes least progress among people who enjoy sound health and strong constitutions, so professional speakers have less honour and a dimmer fame where people are orderly and ready to obey their monarch. There is no need to make long speeches in the senate when the governing classes quickly agree. There is no need to deliver long harangues at public meetings, when political questions are decided not by the ignorant many, but by the One who is wiser than us all. Nor is there any room for private prosecutions, when offences against the law are so rare and so slight. Defendants need not make themselves unpopular by transgressing the limits of decent argument, when a kindly judge is ready to meet them half-way. My good friends, take my word for it, you are as eloquent as there is any need for you to be. Suppose that you had been born in those old days, or that the ancients, whom we admire so much, had lived to-day—suppose some god had suddenly made you change places with them, you would, I am sure, have achieved in oratory their glorious reputation, and they would have suffered from the restraints and narrow chances of our times. Well, nobody can enjoy great fame and great peace at the same time ; so we must each make the best of the blessings of our own times without depreciating those of other days.'

42 'There were some points', said Messala, when Maternus had finished, 'with which I should like to disagree, and some on which I should like to say more, if the hour were not so late.' 'You shall have your chance', said Maternus, 'some other day, and if any of my points are not clear to you we will discuss them again.' With that he rose, and, shaking Aper's hand, said: 'I shall denounce you to the poets, and Messala will denounce you to the antiquarians.' 'Well', said Aper, 'I shall denounce both of you to the rhetoricians and the lecturers.' So they laughed, and we all went home.

AGRICOLA



AGRICOLA

IT was a custom of the past to preserve for posterity the **I** character and deeds of famous men. This age is more neglectful of its sons, and yet the custom has not perished: for from time to time some man of commanding character has risen superior to ignorance and jealousy, the two characteristic failings of all communities both great and small. But, as in the days of our fathers it was easier to do deeds worth the telling—the path to greatness was less steep and strait—so too men of eminence were often induced to perpetuate a good man's memory, not from party or personal motives, but simply because they felt it was a duty. There have even been many who thought that to tell the tale of their own lives argued not arrogance but self-reliance. Rutilius ⁿ and Scaurus, for example, won confidence and escaped censure. True it is that genius is best appreciated where it is most easily produced. But times are changed. Now, though the hero of my tale is dead, I must needs pray pardon. An invective would have needed no excuse. These days are bitter enemies to merit.

We have read how Rusticus's eulogy of Thræsea Paetus **2** and Senecio's praise of Helvidius Priscus ⁿ were considered capital offences; and savage punishment fell, not on the authors alone, but on their books as well. The aediles instructed the Board of Three ⁿ to burn publicly in the Forum the memorials of these great spirits. They seem to have fondly thought that in those flames they could destroy the voice

of the Roman People, the freedom of the senate, and the conscience of mankind, for they further banished all teachers of philosophyⁿ, and exterminated every intellectual study, so that no trace of culture might be found anywhere.

Indeed, we have given the world a wonderful example of endurance. As the old times saw the zenith of freedom, so we have witnessed the lowest point of slavery, for the very interchange of speech was denied us by their spies. We should have lost our memories as well as our voices were it as easy for men to forget as to keep silence.

3 Now at last our spirit begins to revive. Yet, although at the outset of these happier times Nerva combined the principles of Monarchy and Freedom, which had formerly proved incompatible, while the Emperor Trajan adds to our good fortune day by day, although complete public security has become an assured fact, and our hopes and prayers are fully realized—yet by the very nature of human imperfection the remedy is slower than the ill; and as our bodies take years to grow, and perish in a moment, so too it is easier to suppress genius and industry than to revive them. Indolence itself has a charm to which we gradually yield, and in the end we love the inaction which seemed at first so irksome. In these last fifteen years—a large part of a man's life—many have fallen victims to chance misfortunes, and all the most active to an Emperor'sⁿ savagery. Very few of us are left, the sad survivors of the rest, surviving also, so to speak, our own past selves. All those years have we lost out of the middle of our lives. The young have meanwhile grown to age, and the old almost to the end of their allotted span—and all without a word of complaint! However, I shall find it a pleasant task, to put

together, though in rough and unfinished style, a memorialⁿ of our former slavery and a record of our present happiness. Meanwhile, I dedicate this book to the honour of my father-in-law Agricola, in the hope that as a tribute of dutiful affection it may meet with approval or at least indulgence.

Gnaeus Iulius Agricola was born in the ancient and 4 famous colony of Fréjus. Both his grandfathers acted as financial agents to the Emperor, a position which confers a sort of equestrian nobility.ⁿ His father, Iulius Graecinus, had attained the rank of senator, and was well known for his devotion to rhetoric and philosophy. It was by this very merit that he incurred the displeasure of Caligula; for he was instructed to prosecute Marcus Silanus and, on his refusal, was put to death. His mother was Iulia Procilla, a lady of rare delicacy of mind. He was brought up at her knee, and it was owing to her loving care that he spent his boyhood and early youth in the acquirement of a liberal education. His own natural integrity saved him from the influence of bad companions. Moreover, from his earliest youth Marseilles was the scene and mistress of his studies; and in that town Greek culture is admirably blended with provincial thrift. I remember that he would often tell us himself how in his early youth he would have drunk of the cup of philosophy more deeply than befits a Roman senator had not his mother's prudence restrained his burning enthusiasm. His was one of those lofty and aspiring natures which pursue with more passion than prudence the fair ideal of a great and high renown. Reason and advancing years soon mellowed his character and, as the outcome of his studies, he retained the rare quality of moderation.

- 5 He served his military apprenticeship in Britain, and won the approbation of Suetonius Paulinus, an industrious and level-headed officer, who, to test Agricola's worth, chose him to share his tent. Agricola did not misuse his liberty as so many young men do, who adopt the profession of arms as an excuse for self-indulgence. He worked hard, and did not make his inexperience or his position as an officer an excuse for seeking pleasure on furlough. His ideal was to know the province and to become known to his men: to learn from experienced soldiers and to follow the best example: not to court danger from bravado, and not to shirk it from fear: and in action always to combine energy with vigilance. Never at any period was Britain in a more excited and dangerous condition. Roman veterans had been butchered, colonies burnt, and armies invested by the natives. Our troops were fighting for dear life: it was not until later that they fought for victory. All these operations were conducted under the plans and direction of Suetonius. He held the supreme command, and the glory of recovering the province naturally fell to him. But, in spite of that, the young Agricola acquired skill and experience. Moreover, his ambition was fired, and he conceived a passion for military glory—a passion which found little sympathy in those days, when eminence aroused sinister suspicions, and a great name was as dangerous as a bad one.
- 6 On returning from Britain to hold office in Rome, he married Domitia Decidiana. She was the daughter of a noble family, and this connexion brought him distinction and substantial aid as he mounted the ladder. They were always a wonderfully united pair. Their affection was

mutual, and each looked up to the other. Perhaps in marriage a good wife deserves more praise than a good husband: at any rate, we blame a bad wife more. When the quaestorships were allotted, the province of Asia fell to him with Salvus Titianus as his Pro-consul. However neither could corrupt his character, although the province was a rich prey for the dishonest, and the Pro-consul, who had a weakness for every form of avarice, was only too ready to be indulgent, and to purchase by his connivance a mutual concealment of guilt.

In Asia a daughter was born to him. She was to be his stay and his comfort, for he soon lost his firstborn son. The period between his quaestorship and tribunate he spent in quiet leisure, and the year of his tribunate as well; for he knew the nature of the times under Nero, in which the wisest man was he who did least. So too as praetor he held a quiet course, for the lot had not called him to the benchⁿ. In his games and in the empty shows of office he kept a happy mean between economy and profusion: he avoided extravagance, yet won distinction. At this time he was chosen by the Emperor Galba to take an inventory of the Temple treasure and recover what had been stolen. This commission he performed with scrupulous care, allowing the country to suffer from none but Nero's sacrilegeⁿ.

In the following year his heart and home suffered a severe 7
blow. Otho's fleet, wandering in search of plunder, began to pillage the district of Intimiliumⁿ, in Liguria, as though it had been an enemy's country. Agricola's mother was murdered on her own farm, while the farm itself and a great part of his property was looted: loot, indeed, was the motive of the murder. Agricola accordingly started for Intimilium to

perform a son's last duties to his mother. On his way he was overtaken by the news of Vespasian's attempt upon the throne, and promptly went over to his side. Mucianus was in Rome governing the city and inaugurating the new reign; for Domitian was still a boy, and derived only a profligate's privilege from his father's success. Mucianus dispatched Agricola to levy troops, and finding him honest and energetic gave him the command of the twentieth legionⁿ. The men were in no hurry to come over and take the oath, and Agricola's predecessor was commonly suspected of treason. Indeed the legion was too strong and formidable even for consular generals to control, and the ex-praetor had no authority over them; which may, indeed, have been either his fault or theirs. So being appointed both as successor and avenger Agricola, with a most rare moderation, wished it to be thought that he had found, and not created, good discipline among his troops.

- 8 Vettius Bolanus was at that time in command of the troops in Britain. His methods were too mild for such a warlike province. Agricola restrained his own ambitious energy for fear of fame. He knew how to obey, and had learnt to combine expediency with duty. Soon afterwards Britain received the ex-consul Petilius Cerialis as its governor, and Agricola's talents now had scope for display. But at first Cerialis shared with his subordinate only toil and danger; glory came later. Often, to test his work, he would put Agricola at the head of a small part of the army: sometimes on the strength of the result he gave him a larger command. Agricola never boasted of his achievements to gain credit for himself; but, as befits a subordinate, attributed his success to the general's strategy. So by the

virtues of obedience and modesty he aroused no jealousy yet made a name.

On Agricola's return from the command of his division 9
Vespasian granted him patrician rank, and subsequently
made him Governor of Aquitania. This was a post of
prime importance, both in virtue of its duties and because
it implied a prospect of the consulship, for which, in fact,
Vespasian had destined him. Many people believe that the
soldier's temper lacks discrimination: the justice of courts-
martial is summary and blunt, its methods are high-handed
and give no scope for legal subtlety. However, though
living now among civilians, Agricola's innate good sense
made him both affable and just. He further made a rigid
distinction between his hours of work and relaxation. When
the business of the assizes required it he was serious, atten-
tive, and strict, though often merciful. When he had satis-
fied the claims of duty, he no longer wore the mask of power.
From moodiness and conceit and avarice he had freed him-
self entirely; and in his case, what is very rare, his easy
manner did not lessen his authority, nor his strictness make
him unpopular. To mention honesty and temperance in
such a man would be an insult to his character. Nor did
he even succumb to the last infirmity of noble minds, and
court fame by ostentation or intrigue. Far from being
jealous of his colleagues or quarrelsome with the imperial
agents, he considered that there was no glory in getting the
better of them, while to be worsted by them would be
degrading. He was retained in his command for less than
three years, and then recalled with an immediate prospect
of the consulship. He brought with him a rumour that
Britain was to be his province. This was due to no hints

Handwritten notes:
Vespasian
Handwritten scribbles at the bottom of the page.

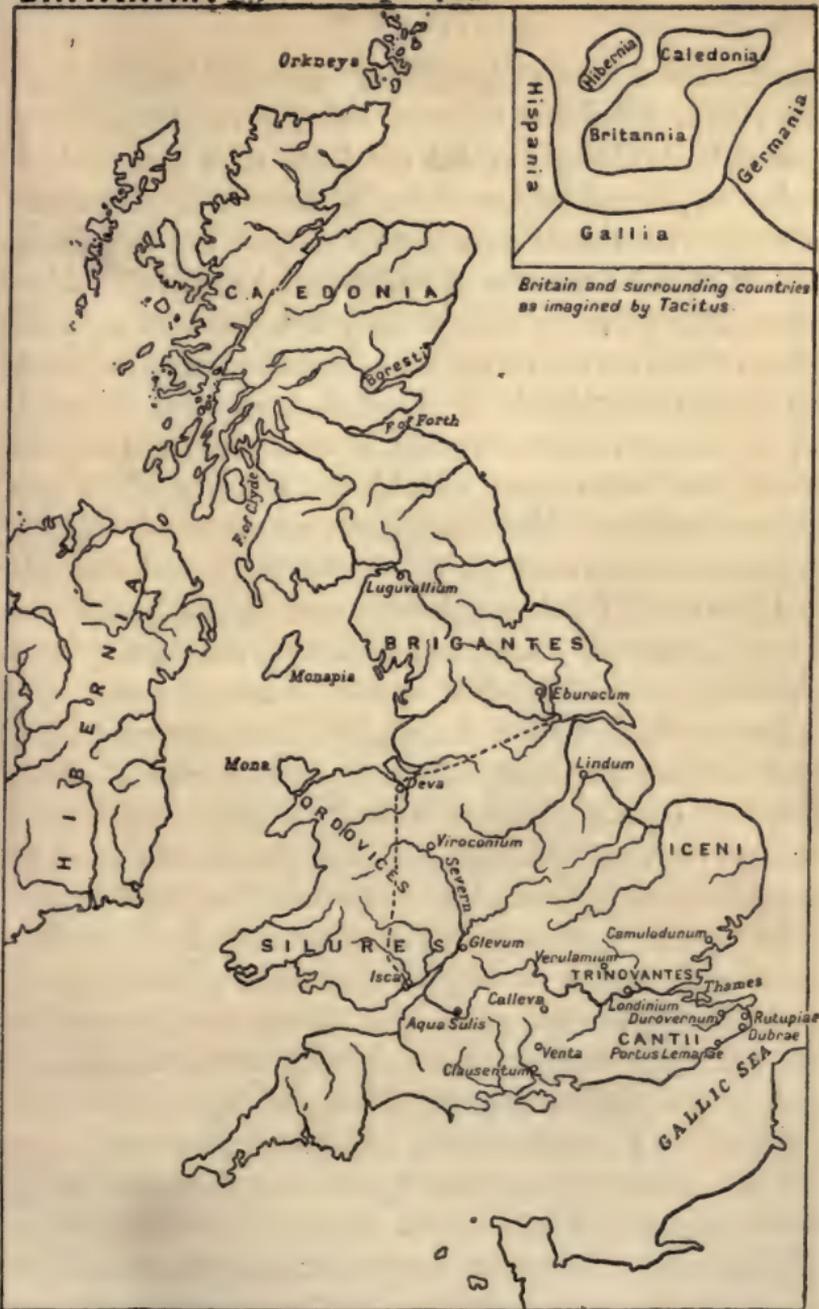
of his own, but merely because he seemed the right man. Rumour is not always wrong : sometimes it has even been known to make appointments.

While he was consul, and I still little more than a boy, he betrothed to me his daughter, who was even then a girl of very high promise. After his consulship he gave her to me in marriage, and almost immediately afterwards was appointed Governor of Britain, and at the same time given a place on the College of Pontiffs ⁿ.

IO Many historians have written of the geography and races of Britain. I shall now approach the subject, not to challenge comparison with their accuracy or insight, but simply because the island was now for the first time completely conquered. Where others have embellished their ignorance with rainbow rhetoric, my story will rely simply upon facts.

Britain is the largest of all the islands recognized in Roman geography. As to its size and position, it faces Germany on the east, Spain on the west, and on the south is within sight of Gaul. Its northern shores, which have no land opposite, are washed by a vast and open sea. The best historical authorities, Livy among the older writers, and Fabius Rusticus of the more modern school, have compared the shape of the whole island to an oblong dish or a battle-axe.ⁿ This comparison applies in fact only to Britain, excluding Caledonia. The description of a part has been applied to the whole island. But if you cross the border you find running out from the point where the coasts converge an immense, shapeless tract of country narrowing into a sort of wedge. This was the first occasion on which the Roman fleet coasted round the shores of this distant sea, and established the fact that Britain was an

BRITANNIA



Britain and surrounding countries as imagined by Tacitus.

Ed. V. 15. Cambridge, Ontario, 1907.

Scale 0 ————— 100 English Miles

island. On the same voyage they discovered and subdued the islands called the Orkneys, hitherto unknown. They also sighted Thule, but did not land, since they had no orders to proceed farther, and winter was at hand. However, they say that the sea there is sluggish and very heavy to row in, and is never even made rough by winds like other seas. This must be because land and mountains, which cause storms, are rarer there, and the deep mass of unbroken sea is not easily stirred. It is not the business of this work to inquire into the nature of the ocean and its tides, and many have written on the subject. But I may add one point: nowhere is the dominion of the sea more wide: a multitude of currents set in all directions, and the ebb and flow of the tide is not confined to the shore, but the sea works its way far inland and penetrates among highlands and mountains, as though it were in its own domain.

II For the rest, whether the original inhabitants of Britain were indigenous or invaders has never been determined. Such ignorance is usual among barbarians. Their physical characteristics vary, and from this deductions may be drawn. The inhabitants of Caledonia have red hair and large limbs: this betrays German origin. The Siluriansⁿ have swarthy faces, and, for the most part, curly hair. Thus it seems probable that Iberians at one time crossed from the opposite coast of Spain and occupied this district. Those who live nearest the Gauls resemble them. It may be that the influence of a common origin still persists, or, perhaps, as the two countries project side by side in opposite directions, their geographical position has determined their physique. Taking a general view, one may well believe that the Gauls occupied the neighbouring island. You may find in Britain

their religious ritesⁿ and beliefs : the language is much the same : they show the same daring in seeking danger, and when the crisis comes, the same timidity in drawing back. However, the Britons display more spirit : they have not yet been enervated by a long period of peace. We are told indeed that the Gauls too were once a great fighting people. Indolence came hand in hand with peace : courage and liberty perished together. The same fate has befallen those Britons who were conquered in Claudius's invasion : the others remain what the Gauls once were.

Their strength lies in their infantry, though some tribes ^{I2} also fight from chariots, in which the nobles ride themselves, while their dependants fight in front of them. In former days they owed obedience to kings ; now they are torn by party factions between rival leaders. It is rare for two or three tribes to unite against a common danger. They fight alone and fall together. Their climate is vile ; constant rain and clouds. But extreme cold is unknown. The day lasts longer there than it does in our latitude. In the far north of Britain the night is light and short, and only a brief interval divides the end and the beginning of daylight. If clouds do not obscure the sun, its rays can be seen by night. It does not set or rise, so they declare, but merely passes across the horizon. The fact is that the land at this extremity of the earth is flat, and casts a low shadow : thus the darkness does not reach very high, and night falls below the level of the sky and stars.ⁿ

Although the olive and the vine and the other peculiar products of warmer countries do not grow there, the soil is fertile and bears crops. They sprout up quickly, but are slow to ripen. The cause is in both cases the same—the

abundant moisture of the ground and climate. Britain contains gold and silver and other metals, which reward our conquest. The sea also produces pearls, but they are of a dull leaden hue. Some attribute this to the divers' lack of skill: for in the Red Sea the oysters are torn alive and breathing from the rocks, while in Britain they are gathered as the sea casts them up. Personally I could sooner believe the pearls deficient in quality than mankind in greed.

- 13 The Britons themselves readily support levies and taxes and such burdens as the government enjoins, so long as their pride is not hurt. Insult they cannot bear. They have been tamed to obedience, but not yet to servitude.

The first Roman to enter Britain with an army was the sainted Julius. Though he won some successes, terrified the inhabitants, and made himself master of the shore, he may be said to have discovered the island for posterity, but not to have bequeathed it as a possession. Soon came the civil wars, and our great masters turned their arms against their country. Britain was long left forgotten, even in peace. The sainted Augustus called this his policy, and Tiberius preserved the precedent. It is known that Caligula discussed an invasion of Britain; but his restless brain soon repented of its projects: besides, his vast attempts against Germany proved fruitless.ⁿ The sainted Claudius initiated the second invasion. He transported troops, regular and irregular, and associated Vespasian with himself in the command. This was the beginning of Vespasian's later success. Tribes were tamed, kings captured, and Vespasian recommended to the attention of Fate.

- 14 The first of the consular governors was Aulus Plautius, who was succeeded by Ostorius Scapula: both were dis-

tinguished soldiers. By degrees the southern district of Britain was reduced into the form of a province,ⁿ and a colonyⁿ of veterans was founded. Certain districts were bestowed as a gift on the king, Cogidumnus, whose allegiance lasted up to our own time. It is indeed an old-established principle of Roman government to employ the kings themselves as instruments of slavery. The next governor, Didius Gallus, held what his predecessors had won, and advanced the line of blockhouses a few miles further. He wished it said that he had enlarged his sphere. He was succeeded by Veranius, who died within a year of his arrival. Next, Suetonius Paulinus gained some notable successes in his two years of rule. He subdued the tribes, and settled strong garrisons. Relying on these he commenced an attack on the island of Mona, which, he thought, supplied forces to the rebels; and thus he exposed his rear to attack.

No sooner had the governor's absence removed their fear 15 than the Britons began to discuss the evils of their slavery, to compare their wrongs, and to fan their resentment by putting the worst interpretation upon them. All that patience could gain, they murmured, was the imposition of yet heavier burdens on their easy tolerance. In old days the tribes had each one king, now they had two. The governor drained their blood, the agent their purse. The quarrels of their masters were as deadly to the subjects as their concord. The governor's sergeants, the agent's menials, heaped insult upon injury. Nothing was now safe from their greed or from their lust. 'In battle,' they cried, 'it is the brave who win the spoil: these Romans are for the most part cowards and weaklings; yet

they plunder our homes, kidnap our children, and levy us for war. We can die, it seems, in any cause except our country's! Let the Britons number themselves: how small then seems the invader's force! It was thus that the German provinces flung off the yoke: yet their bulwark was a river, not the sea. We have our country to fight for, our parents and our wives: the invaders' motives are but luxury and greed. They will retire, as their sainted Julius retired before, can we but rival our fathers' spirit. Nor must we lose heart at the result of one or two engagements: despair breeds more fury and more determination. See! already heaven pities Britain. The Roman general is away, his army deported to another island: and here are we met to debate—the hardest step of all! Besides, in plans of this kind daring is safer than discretion.'

- 16 Fired with such reflections as these the whole island went to war, led by Boudicca, a lady of the royal line; for in their commands they make no distinction of sex. They drove the troops from the scattered blockhouses, stormed the garrisons, and invaded the Roman colony itself as the seat of their slavery. In the mad wrath of their victory no act of barbarian savagery was left undone. Had not Paulinus heard news of the outbreak, and hurried to bring aid, Britain would have been lost. But one successful battle restored it to its former obedience. Many, however, retained their arms. They knew that they were rebels; and their dread of the governor proved a still stronger motive. He was a fine man in many ways, but might he not be too harsh, if they surrendered, and avenge every wrong as if it was an insult to himself? This was their fear. Accordingly the government sent out Petronius Turpilianus, who was said to be more

accessible to pity. He was new to the enemies' faults, and so more merciful when they repented. He restored tranquillity, and, without venturing on any further exploits, handed over the province to Trebellius Maximus. Trebellius was unenterprising, and had no experience of camp-life. He commanded, one might say, by courtesy. The barbarians had now learnt to look with indulgence on attractive vices, and the intervention of civil war in Italy gave a good excuse for inaction. But the troubles of mutiny resulted. The men were accustomed to campaigns and demoralized by peace. Trebellius fled and escaped his angry troops by hiding. On his return, humiliated and despised, he governed merely on sufferance: and they struck a bargain—the army for licence, the general for his life. So the mutiny ended without bloodshed. He was succeeded by Vettius Bolanus. The civil war was still in progress, and he did no more than Trebellius to discipline his troops by organizing raids on the Britons. There was the same inaction towards the enemy, the same insubordination in the camp. However, Bolanus had at least clean hands, and did not earn hatred by crime. For authority he had substituted popularity.

At length Vespasian came to his own and recovered with 17 the rest of the world the control of Britain. Then came great generals, famous armies, and the ruin of British hopes. Petilius Cerialis immediately created a panic by an attack on the Brigantesⁿ, the largest tribe, so they say, in the whole province. Engagements were frequent, and the losses often heavy; and Cerialis embraced within the scope of his victorious operations a great portion of the Brigantine district. To succeed him worthily was by no means easy: his exploits would have obscured the diligence and repute

of most successors. Yet Julius Frontinus was equal to the task. He was as great a man as the times allowed. He subdued by force of arms the strong and warlike Silurians, triumphing over the bravery of the enemy and the difficulties of the country.

18 Such was the state of Britain, and such the fortunes of the war, when Agricola in midsummer crossed the Channel. The troops, thinking the campaign was over, were looking for leisure, the enemy for their opportunity. Not long before his arrival the tribe of the Ordovices ⁿ had surprised and almost annihilated a squadron of cavalry stationed in their district. This outbreak had disturbed the whole province. Those who wished for war applauded the example, but were still waiting to see what was the temper of the new governor, when Agricola arrived. The summer was nearly ended, the irregulars were scattered through the province, and the army took it for granted that the year's fighting was over. These were serious obstacles to the commencement of a campaign. Many advised Agricola merely to watch the suspected districts; but he was determined to meet the danger half-way. He concentrated the detachments and collected a small force of irregulars. Finding that the Ordovices would not venture to descend to the level ground, he advanced up the hill at the head of his troops, wishing to share with them their danger and his courage. Almost the whole of the tribe was put to the sword. Agricola knew well that he must follow up his success, and that the feeling in the rest of the country depended on the result of his first operations; so he determined to reduce the island of Mona ⁿ, from the occupation of which Paulinus, as I have already related, had been recalled by the rebellion of the whole of Britain. But, as happens in

sudden enterprises, there were no ships. However, the resource and determination of the general effected the transport. A picked body of irregulars were ordered to lay down their baggage and enter the water. These men were familiar with the fords, and their national method of swimming enabled them to control themselves, their arms, and their horses at the same time. So sudden was this manœuvre that the enemy were dumbfounded. They were expecting a fleet of ships, an attack by sea; and they felt that no difficulties could be insurmountable to men who came to war like this. So they petitioned for peace, and surrendered the island.

Agricola was now famous as a great man. Other governors on first entering their province spend the time in an ostentatious round of ceremonies. He had preferred toil and danger. He did not, however, boast of his success. 'This is no "campaign" or "victory";' he wrote; 'I have only held a conquered tribe in check.' He did not even follow up his exploits with laurel-boundⁿ dispatches, but increased his fame by trying to conceal it. People augured his hopes for the future from his silence on such great achievements.

Agricola was well acquainted with the feelings of the provincials, and had learnt from the experience of others that forcible measures profit little, if followed by injustice. So he determined to root out the causes of the war. He began his reforms at home by imposing strict discipline upon his household, a task which many find as difficult as governing a province. No public business was done through slaves or freedmen. In making military appointments he was guided neither by personal inclination nor by the recommendation or request of others. He considered that the best men were the most worthy of his confidence. He knew everything that

went on, but did not always act upon his knowledge. He met slight offences with pardon, grave ones with severity. He did not always exact punishment, but was often satisfied with repentance. Rather than have to pass sentence on the dishonest, he preferred to entrust the duties of administration to men of honour. He eased the burden of the corn-tribute by equalizing the contributions, and cut down those ingenious devices for profit, which were as grievous as the tribute itself. For the provincials had been wantonly forced to sit at the doors of closed granaries—actually to purchase their own corn, and to go through the farce of fixing a price. Distant districts and devious routes were appointed, and tribes living close to winter camps had to carry corn to remote and pathless places. Thus what lay ready to everybody's hand became a source of profit to a few.

- 20 By checking these abuses in his very first year of rule, Agricola gave peace a good name, though the negligence or tyranny of former governors had made it as terrible as war. With the arrival of summer he mobilized his troops, and was constantly present on the march, praising good discipline and forcing the stragglers into line. He chose the positions for the camp himself, explored estuaries and forests, and meanwhile allowed the enemy no rest from sudden, destructive raids. When they had been sufficiently frightened, he displayed mercy as an incentive to peace. By these means many tribes, which up to that date had enjoyed independence, offered hostages and became placable. These were surrounded with a ring of garrisoned blockhouses, and so carefully protected, that none of the other British tribes which came over to the Roman side ever remained so free from disturbance.

The following winter was spent in wholesome plans for 21 peace. The uncivilized Britons, living in scattered homes, had a natural bent for war. Agricola's object was to accustom them to peace and quiet by promoting luxury. By private persuasion and public grants of aid he induced them to build temples, market-places, and private houses. He praised industry and punished indolence, and as they came to covet his approval, competition did the work of compulsion. Further, he gave the sons of native princes a liberal education, lauding the natural abilities of the Britons above the painstaking efforts of the Gauls, until the natives, who had lately refused to use the Roman language, now burned to become orators. Thus even our style of dress came into fashion, and the toga was often seen. Gradually the Britons yielded to the seduction of our Roman vices, and took to lounges and baths and elegant banquets. This was all part of their slavery. The ignorant called it 'civilization'.

The third year of the campaign opened up a new district 22 The tribes were harried as far as the estuary called Tanausⁿ. This so terrified the enemy that, although the army was harassed by violent storms, they did not dare to attack it. Thus there was time for building more blockhouses. Skilled critics noted that no other general chose sites with greater wisdom than Agricola. None of the blockhouses that he built were ever stormed by the enemy or deserted either by flight or on capitulation: for each was assured against a long siege by a year's provisions. So the winter passed without alarm. Sallies were frequent: the garrisons were self-sufficient and needed no assistance. The enemy were baffled and in despair. They had been accustomed to balance the summer's losses by successes in the winter. Now they were harried

summer and winter alike. Agricola was never greedy for the credit of other people's exploits. From colonel to corporal they found in him an impartial witness to their success. To some he seemed too bitter in his censure ; for he was as unpleasant to rascals as he was courteous to honest men. But his anger left no sediment of resentment. None need fear his silence. Better to give offence, he thought, than to harbour hatred.

- 23 The fourth summer was spent in securing the country he had overrun ; and, had the spirit of the army and the glory of Rome's name allowed, the frontier would have been fixed in Britain itself. For the firths of Clyde and Forth, carried far inland by the tides of the western and eastern seas, are separated by a narrow space of land, which was now held with a line of garrisons. The whole of the district on the southern side was secured, and the enemy over the border seemed swept into another island.
- 24 In the fifth year of the campaign, making the first part of his journey by sea, Agricola crossed into Caledonia, and by a series of successful engagements subdued several tribes hitherto unknown. He also garrisoned the coast of Britain facing Ireland, actuated more by hope than fear ; for, since Ireland lay half-way between Britain and Spain, and was within easy reach of the Gallic sea, he felt that it might be used to unite the best recruiting-grounds of the empire with great mutual advantageⁿ. Compared with Britain, Ireland is small in size, but larger than the islands of our seas. In soil and climate, and in the temperament and manners of its people, it differs little from Britain. Trade takes merchants there, and its coasts and harbours are thus better knownⁿ. Finding that one of the native kinglets had been driven from his throne

by family dissension, Agricola had welcomed him under a show of friendship, and now preserved him for future use. I have often heard him say that a single legion with a moderate force of irregulars could conquer and hold Ireland. Such a conquest would be, he considered, of great service against Britain. The arms of Rome would stretch to the horizon, and liberty be swept out of sight.

At the beginning of his sixth year of office Agricola's 25 operations embraced the tribes across the Forth. There were fears of an organized rebellion among these northern tribes, and it seemed dangerous to expose the army to attack while on the march. Agricola accordingly explored the harbours of the coast with his fleet. This fleet, which now became a regular part of his forces, made a great impression as it followed his march. The war was now urged on as well by sea as by land. Infantry, cavalry, and marines might often now be seen sharing their rations and their fun in a common camp. Each extolled their own exploits and their own dangers, bragging as soldiers will, comparing the deep ravines of wood and mountain with the dangers of the storm and tide, or their victories on land with the conquest of the sea. The Britons too, as was learnt from prisoners of war, were dumb-founded at sight of the fleet : it seemed as though their sea had yielded up its secret, and the last refuge of the vanquished was closed. The tribes of Caledonia turned to armed resistance. Great as were their preparations, the rumours of them were greater still, as always happens where certain knowledge is impossible. They even commenced an assault on one of the blockhouses, and the panic was increased because the initiative was theirs. Cowards posed as sages, and warned Agricola to return across the Forth, and to retire

before he was driven to retreat. Meanwhile Agricola learnt that the enemy intended to attack by several lines of march. Fearing their superior numbers and their superior knowledge of the country, he split his forces into three divisions to avoid being outflanked, and advanced with them in person.

- 26 Directly the enemy learnt his movements, they suddenly changed their plans, and massed in full force for a night assault on the ninth legion, which was by far the weakest. Aided by sleep and panic they cut down the pickets and burst in. The fight was still raging in the camp itself when Agricola, learning of the enemies' march from his scouts, and following hard upon their tracks, ordered the most mobile of his horse and foot to charge the combatants in the rear: later the whole army were to swell the hue and cry. The breaking dawn gilded the standards of the approaching legions. The Britons were beset with a double terror, and the spirit of the Romans revived: assured of safety, they fought now for glory. They even ventured on a sally, and a fierce fight ensued in the narrow entrance of the camp. At last the enemy were driven back, while the two Roman armies strove in rivalry, the one to show that they had come to the rescue, the other that they had not needed assistance. Had not marshes and woods concealed the fugitives, this victory would have ended the war.
- 27 The consciousness of their success and the glory they had won fired the Roman troops with pride. Their courage knew no obstacle. 'We must make our way into Caledonia,' they cried, 'and by battle upon battle find the frontier of Britain at last.' Those who were lately so cautious and sage, after the event grew keen and boastful. Of all the conditions of war this is the most unfair: all claim the credit of success and impute failure to the general alone. The Britons, how-

ever, believed they had been beaten not by the courage of our troops but by an accident and by Agricola's skill. They lost none of their spirit, continued to arm their fighting men, to transport their wives and children into safety, and to ratify the alliance of the tribes by meetings and sacrifices. And so both sides parted with mutual animosity.

During this summer a battalion of the Usipi, which had 28 been recruited in Germany and transferred to Britain, performed a memorable and daring exploit. Having murdered their centurion and the Roman soldiers, who had been drafted into the companies to maintain discipline by instruction and example, they embarked on three cruisers, forcibly seizing the boatswains. One of these directed the rowing: the other two were put to death on suspicion. None knew as yet their story, and their passage along the coast seemed a sheer miracle. After a while they made *raids* for water and provisions, and laid hands on *all they could find*ⁿ. This brought them into conflict with many of the British tribes, who defended their property. After frequent victories, they were at last defeated, and reduced to the extremity of eating first the weakest of their number and then victims chosen by lot. So they sailed round Britain, and, losing their ships through inability to steer them, were taken for pirates and captured, some by the Suebiⁿ, the rest by the Frisiiⁿ. Some were sold into slavery, and, changing hands from master to master, ultimately reached the Roman bank of the Rhine, where they won fame by their story of this amazing adventure.

At the beginning of the next summer Agricola suffered 29 a severe blow by the loss of his son born the year before. He bore this misfortune without the ostentatious stoicism in which so many brave men indulge, and yet without giving

way to unmanly grief. Indeed, the war helped to heal his sorrow. First he dispatched the fleet with orders to create a vague and widespread panic by making raids at various places. Then, unencumbered by a baggage-train, at the head of a force to which had been added the best of the British troops, whose loyalty the long peace had tested, he marched to Mount Graupiusⁿ, which had been occupied by the enemy. For the Britons were in no sense crushed by the result of the last engagement. Either revenge or slavery awaited them. They had learnt at last that union alone could repel the common danger, and by sending embassies and forming treaties had roused the forces of every tribe. More than thirty thousand armed men could already be seen, and there flowed in a steady stream of all their fighting men, and of old men whose age was still fresh and green: famous warriors these, each displaying his trophies. Among the many leaders one named Calgacus was distinguished alike by courage and high birth. Facing the assembled multitude as they clamoured for battle, he is said to have addressed them as follows:—

- 30 'When I consider the causes of the war and our desperate position, I have great confidence that this day of your union will be the beginning of freedom for the whole of Britain. No man of us has ever tasted slavery: there is no land beyond us, and even the sea is no safe refuge, since we are threatened by the Roman fleet. In resistance and battle, then, lie alike the brave man's glory and the coward's safest refuge. Those who fought with varying fortune against the Romans in former battles always felt that a hope of rescue lay in us. They knew us for Britain's noblest, dwellers in her inmost sanctuary, who never see the slavish

shores of Gaul, and keep our eyes unpolluted from the infection of tyranny. We live on the confines of land and of liberty. Our remote seclusion and our obscurity have so far saved us: for wonder grows where knowledge fails.ⁿ But now the very bounds of Britain are laid bare. There are no tribes beyond: nothing but the waves and rocks, and—worse enemies still—the Romans, whose pride it is vain to parry by obedience and discipline. They plunder the whole world: and having exhausted the land, they now scour the sea. If their victims are rich, their greed is for gain; if they are poor, it is for glory; and neither East nor West can satisfy them. They are the only people in the world who covet wealth and want with equal greed. To robbery, murder, and pillage they give the false name of Empire, and when they make a wilderness they call it Peace.

‘ Nature has willed that men should love best their children 31 and their nearest kin. Our children are carried off by levies into foreign slavery: our wives and sisters, if they escape the enemy’s lust, are brought to shame under a pretence of hospitality and friendship. Our goods and fortunes go in tribute, our fields and the year’s yield in gifts of corn, while the strength of our hands is exhausted amid blows and insults in clearing woods and marshes. Slaves that are born to their position are sold once for all, and their masters feed them. Britain pays its masters every day, and finds them daily food. In a household the last new-comer is a butt among his fellow slaves. So it is with us. In this old household of the world we are the worthless new-comers who are marked out for destruction. For we Caledonians have neither fields nor mines nor harbours that they might keep us to work them: and Imperialists do not welcome spirit and courage in their sub-

jects. The safer our seclusion, the more is it suspected. So you must put aside all hope of mercy and take courage all of you, both those who value glory and those who value life. The Brigantes ⁿ, with a woman at their head, burnt a colony, stormed a camp, and, had not success blunted their energy, might have flung off the yoke. We are strong and unconquered : we shall not live to repent of our liberty ⁿ : let us show now in this first battle what manner of men Caledonia has kept in store.

- 32 'Do you believe that the Romans will be as brave in war as they are wanton in peace? It is by our quarrels and disunion that they have won a name : they turn the faults of the enemy to the glory of their own army. But that army is recruited from most widely different races. Success holds it together : defeat will disband it—unless indeed you think there can be any bond of loyalty or attachment to Rome among Gauls and Germans and—I am ashamed to say it—Britons too, who, though they may lend their blood to a foreign tyrant, have yet been his enemies longer than they have been his slaves. Fear and tyranny form poor ties of affection. Remove these, and hatred will begin where fear ceases. All the incentives to victory are on our side. The Romans have no wives to fire their courage, no parents to upbraid their flight. Most of them have no fatherland—or at best a foster-father. They are few, they are frightened, they are ignorant of the country ; they peer round them in alarm at sky and sea and woods : all is strange to them. Caught as in a trap, bound hand and foot, God has delivered them into our hands. Do not be alarmed by the mere sight of them. The sheen of gold and silver on their arms can neither shield them nor wound us. We shall find our forces

in the enemy's own line. The Britons will recognize their own cause, the Gauls will recall their former freedom. The other Germans will desert them, as the Usipi left them last year. Nor have we aught to fear beyond this army: their forts are empty, their colonies full of dotards, and between insubordination and tyranny their towns are weak and disunited. Face the alternatives. Here you have a general and an army: there tributes and mines and all the other penalties of slavery, which you must either endure for ever or once for all avenge: it is for this field to decide. So when you march out to battle think of your forefathers and of your children's children.'

They received this speech with enthusiasm, which they 33 showed, as barbarians do, in songs and cheers and discordant shouts. Now could be seen their advancing columns, and the flash of their arms, as the boldest darted out of the ranks. Our line was already being formed when Agricola, thinking that his men, cheerful as they were, and scarcely to be kept within the lines, still needed some encouragement, addressed them as follows:—

'For six years now, my fellow soldiers, you have been engaged in the conquest of Britain, and under the auspices of Rome, thanks to your own bravery and my own loyal labours, you have achieved it. In all these campaigns, in all these battles, whether courage was needed in facing the enemy, or patient labour against the forces of Nature, I have had no cause to repent of my soldiers nor you of your general. So you and I have passed beyond the frontiers which older generals and earlier armies knew. We have not guessed and talked about the utmost end of Britain. We hold it by force of arms. We have discovered Britain and conquered it. Often upon the march, when marshes and mountains and

rivers tried your patience, I used to hear cries from the bravest among you: "When shall we get at the enemy?" "When shall we have a battle?" Here they come, thrust from their lairs: the way lies open—your courage can fulfil your prayers. All the conditions are for us if we conquer; but those same conditions would be against us in defeat. To have accomplished such a march, to have penetrated forests and crossed estuaries, gives us glory so long as we march forward: but in retreat our very success would be our danger. For we have not the same knowledge of the country as the enemy, nor the same abundance of supplies: we have our swords and our right hands, and in these lies everything. For myself, I have long ago made up my mind that neither army nor general can safely show their backs. Besides, an honourable death is better than a life of dishonour: safety and glory go hand in hand. Nor will it be inglorious to fall on the very confines of the land and of the world.

- 34 'Had you been faced by new tribes or an untried force I should have encouraged you by the example of other armies. But now—recall your own glories, question your own eyes. These are the men who last year stealthily attacked one of the legions under cover of night—the men whom you crushed without a blow. These are the runaways of Britain: that is why they have survived so long. You know that when you penetrate into woods and thickets all the bravest animals rush out against you, while the timid and slothful are driven away by the mere sound of your feet. So it is with the Britons: the bravest have fallen long ago: there remains but a mob of quaking cowards. You have found them at last, but do not think that they have turned at bay: they are caught in a trap. Despair and the extremity of fear have rooted them

to this spot, where you may win a glorious and memorable victory. Have done with campaigns : crown fifty years with one great day : show the country that the delays of the war and the causes of rebellion can never be laid to the charge of the army.'

While Agricola was still speaking, the eagerness of the troops 35 could not be concealed. A great outburst of enthusiasm greeted the end of his speech, and immediately they ran to arms. While they were still in this spirit, and eager to advance, Agricola arranged his line. The irregular infantry, numbering eight thousand, formed a strong centre, while the three thousand cavalry were distributed on the wings. The Roman troops were drawn up in front of the entrenchments : for it would add great glory to the victory if it were won without shedding Roman blood ; while, in case of defeat, they formed a reserve. The British line was drawn up on the higher ground to make more show and to alarm their opponents. The first line rested on the edge of the plain, while the others rose tier upon tier up the slopes of the hill. The chariots clattered briskly across the middle of the plain and seemed to fill it. Agricola, fearing that with the enemy's superior numbers he might be attacked simultaneously in front and flank, deployed his troops, although this was likely to extend the line too much, and many advised him to call up the Roman legions. However, he was always ready to hope for the best and resolute in the face of danger ; so he sent away his horse and took up a position on foot in front of the irregulars.

The battle began with an exchange of volleys. Steadily 36 and skilfully the Britons with their huge claymores and small targes caught or parried our javelins, and themselves returned

a hail of missiles. At last Agricola ordered two battalions of the Batavi and Tungri to bring the battle to a close struggle with swords. They were trained by long service in this mode of fighting, which would also be awkward for the enemy with their small shields and unwieldy claymores: these latter having no point were ill-suited for hand-to-hand fighting at close quarters. So the Batavi advanced, raining their blows on the enemy, thrusting them down with the bosses of their shields, and stabbing them in the face. When they had cut down all who stood on the level ground and began to advance up the hill, the other battalions charged the enemy in eager rivalry and slaughtered the first troops they met. In the haste of victory many were left behind half-dead or quite unwounded. Meanwhile, when the chariots broke in flight, the cavalry joined the infantry battalions, mingling in their ranks. But although they inspired fresh panic, they were hampered by the uneven ground and the dense masses of the enemy. Indeed, the fighting bore little resemblance to a cavalry engagement, for the men could hardly keep their footing on the slopeⁿ, and were thrown down by the pressure of the horses, while now and again some strayed chariot, the horses in panic without their drivers, with none but fear to guide them, would come charging in on front or flank.

37 The British rearguard, who had as yet taken no part in the battle, but held their position on the top of the hills in idle contempt of our small numbers, now began to work round by a gradual descent to the rear of the victorious army. However, Agricola foresaw this danger, and faced their advance with four squadrons of horse, which he had reserved to meet the emergencies of battle. No less fierce than the British charge was the vigour with which Agricola flung

them shattered into flight. The Britons were foiled by their own tactics : a squadron of cavalry, detached by the general's orders from the front, now charged the British rear. There followed on the open plain a great and awesome spectacle : pursuit, wounds, capture, and the butchery of prisoners as fresh enemies appeared. Among the Britons each man betrayed his nature : whole troops of armed soldiers fled before a few ; while single men all unarmed charged our line and courted death. On every side lay swords and bodies, mangled limbs and crimson grass. Sometimes too the vanquished showed their wrath and courage : for, when the woods were reached, they rallied, caught the foremost pursuers off their guard, and knowing the country began to surround them. But Agricola was everywhere. He ordered the strong and light-armed divisions to form a cordon : where the wood was thick the troopers dismounted ; the clearings they scoured on horseback. Thus a disaster due to over-confidence was averted. When the Britons saw their pursuers again advancing in good order, they turned in headlong flight, not as before, in marching line, each waiting for the other : now they scattered, avoiding each other, and made for distant inaccessible retreats. Nightfall and fatigue ended the pursuit. Ten thousand of the enemy had fallen, while our losses numbered three hundred and sixty ; among them was a colonel, Aulus Atticus, whose impetuous courage and mettlesome horse had combined to carry him into the enemy's lines.

With the loot and the joy of victory the night passed 38 merrily for us. Meanwhile the Britons wandered far and wide, men and women mingling their tears ; dragging off the wounded, summoning the unhurt ; deserting their

homes and even setting fire to them in their rage ; choosing hiding-places and immediately abandoning them ; meeting to form some plan, and then dispersing again. Sometimes their spirit was broken by the sight of their families, but more often it was roused to fury. There was good evidence that some laid violent hands upon their wives and children, as though in pity. The light of the morrow broadened the vista of our victory. Everywhere a vast silence reigned : hills deserted, homesteads smouldering in the distance, not a man to meet our scouts. These were dispatched in all directions ; but as the track of the enemy's flight was uncertain, and it was ascertained that they were not gathering anywhere, since the summer was far spent, and the scope of the operations could not be extended, Agricola led his army down into the country of the Boresti. There he took hostages and instructed the admiral to sail round Britain. Forces were given him for this purpose, and panic had paved the way. Agricola himself led his infantry and cavalry to their winter quarters, proceeding by slow marches to cow the spirit of these new tribes by the delay of his passage. Meanwhile the fleet, aided alike by the wind and their renown, lay in the harbour of Trucculensis ⁿ. Starting thence, it had coasted along all the adjoining shore of Britain and returned thither.

- 39 Although Agricola did not colour his success with any exaggeration in the wording of his dispatches, Domitian, as his nature was, received the news with outward expressions of pleasure, but with secret anxiety. He knew in his heart that ridicule had been poured on his recent mock triumph over Germany, for which he had purchased slaves who were got up to resemble captives with long hair and appropriate costume. Here was now a real victory of serious import, won

with great slaughter of the enemy and world-wide renown. What he feared most was that a commoner's fame should exceed that of the Emperor. It was in vain, he felt, that the claims of eloquence and of all political ambition had been silenced, if another was going to forestall his military glory. Somehow it seemed that other talents could be more easily ignored: good generalship was an imperial quality. Tormented by such fears, he cherished his resentment in silence—this showed his sinister designs—and thought it best for the present to store up his hatred, until the first burst of fame and the army's enthusiasm for their general began to wane: for Agricola still held Britain.

Accordingly, the triumphal insignia, the honour of a public 40 statue, and all the distinctions that are now granted in place of a triumphⁿ were by the Emperor's orders heaped upon Agricola. A decree in his honour was passed by the senate with added hints that he was destined for the province of Syria, which was then vacant through the death of the ex-consul Atilius Rufus, and always reserved for men of more than ordinary distinction. Many people believed that a freedman, one of the Emperor's confidential servants, had been sent to Agricola with dispatches in which Syria was offered to him. This freedman, so the story ran, had met Agricola actually in the Channel, but had returned to Domitian without addressing him. This may be true, or it may be a fiction invented to suit the Emperor's known character.

Meanwhile Agricola had handed over the province of Britain safe and peaceful to his successor. It was inadvisable that attention should be called to his arrival in Rome by crowds flocking to welcome him. So he avoided the attentions of his friends, and in obedience to instructions came by

night to the city and by night to the palace. He was received with a hasty embrace, and, without being granted an audience, disappeared into the crowd of courtiers. Meanwhile, knowing that military glory is distasteful to men of leisure, he sought to temper it with other qualities. He plunged into a profound retirement: was moderate in his style, easy in his talk, and never allowed more than one or two friends to accompany him in public. Indeed, many of those who judge a man's greatness by his display asked, when they saw Agricola, why he was famous: a few understood.

41 Often during these days he was in his absence accused before Domitian, and in his absence acquitted. The causes of his danger were no charges, no complaints of injustice done to any one—simply the Emperor's hostility to merit, Agricola's own fame, and that worst class of enemies—eulogists. And indeed the public crises that followed no longer allowed Agricola to be forgotten. Again and again armies had been lost in Moesia and Dacia, Germany and Pannonia,ⁿ by the folly or cowardice of their generals: officers with their troops had been forced to surrender and taken prisoner. Our anxiety was no longer for the frontier of the empire, or the bank of the Danube, but for the winter quarters of the army and the possession of whole provinces. So, when disaster followed upon disaster, and the whole year was marked by losses and reverses, the public loudly demanded Agricola as commander-in-chief. Every one compared his energy and determination, and his experience of war, with the inaction and timidity of all the other generals. There is good evidence that this cry was constantly dinned into Domitian's ears as well. In this the best of his freedmen acted from motives of loyal affection, while the worst with

malignant jealousy worked on the feelings of an emperor naturally inclined to the worse counsel. Thus by his own good qualities and the bad qualities of others Agricola was hurried headlong into fame.

The year was now at hand in which the lot was to be drawn for the Proconsulships of Africa and Asia. ⁴² *Civica*ⁿ had lately been murdered: thus Agricola did not lack a warning, nor Domitian a precedent. The Emperor's intimates approached Agricola, and broaching the subject, asked whether he was going to the province. At first they employed hints, extolling leisure and retirement: then they offered him their assistance in making good his excuses: finally, using plain language, with persuasion and threats they dragged him before Domitian. The Emperor had been primed with his part; assuming a haughty air, he listened to Agricola's pleas of excuse, and when he had signified his consent, was graciously pleased to receive thanks without a blush for the invidious nature of the concession. However, he did not give Agricola the honorarium usually offered to consular pro-consuls, and granted in some cases by his own act. Either he was offended because Agricola had not asked for it, or for very shame he avoided seeming to bribe where he had forbidden. It is but human nature to hate the man whom you have hurt. Domitian was naturally prone to violence, and his hatred was more implacable the more it was concealed. However, he was mollified by Agricola's moderation and good sense, which prevented him from courting distinction and death by obstinacy or a vain display of independence. Some people admire insubordination. I would have all such know that even under bad rulers men may be great. Obedience and discipline, if coupled with diligence and energy, lead to those

same heights of fame to which others have climbed by steeper paths, gaining notoriety, without any benefit to their country, by an ostentatious suicide.

43 The end of Agricola's life was a great grief to us, his family, a real sorrow to his friends, and not without concern even for strangers who had never known him. The common public, the heedless Roman populace, flocked to his house or talked of him in the public squares and clubs. No one on hearing of Agricola's death could either be glad or immediately forget it. The general sympathy was increased by a rumour that he had been poisoned. It may be admitted that we have no certain evidence of this. However, all through his last illness, the leading freedmen and confidential court-surgeons called at his house with greater frequency than is usual where princes pay their visits by proxy. This may have been either anxiety or espionage. Indeed, on the day of his death, as he was sinking, news of his last moments was carried to Domitian by relays of messengers. This was common knowledge; and no one believed that the Emperor would thus hasten news which he was sorry to hear. However, he did assume an outward appearance of grief; there was no longer need (to dread Agricola's hatred) and he found it easier to hide joy than fear. It was commonly said that at the reading of Agricola's will, in which he made Domitian co-heir with his excellent wife and most dutiful daughter, the Emperor was delighted, as though this was a deliberate compliment. His mind was so blinded and corrupted by ceaseless flattery that he failed to realize that only a bad prince inherits money from a good father.

44 Agricola was born on June 13th in Caligula's third consulshipⁿ. He died in his fifty-fourth year, on August 23rd, in

the consulship of Collega and Priscus ⁿ. Posterity may perhaps wish to know his personal appearance. Though his figure was not imposing, it was well proportioned. There was no passion in his face, but a great deal of geniality. You could easily believe him good and gladly believe him great. Although he was taken from us in the prime of middle-age, yet, looking at the name he left, he seems to have got the utmost out of life. ^{For virtues are the only real blessings} and he lacked none. Moreover, he had been granted the insignia of consular rank and of a triumph—what more could fortune have added to his lot? He had not inherited a magnificent fortune, and he took no pleasure in excessive wealth. His daughter and wife survived him, and we may say that he was fortunate in dying at the height of his fame, with his position unassailed, and without loss of family or friends; and fortunate also in escaping the days that were to come. For, while it would have been good that he should live to see the light of these happier times and Trajan on the throne—an event which he often prophesied and prayed for in our hearing—yet there is rich consolation for his untimely death in the thought that he escaped those last days in which Domitian drained our life-blood ceaselessly without rest or pause, slaughtering his subjects at last, one might say, with a single blow.

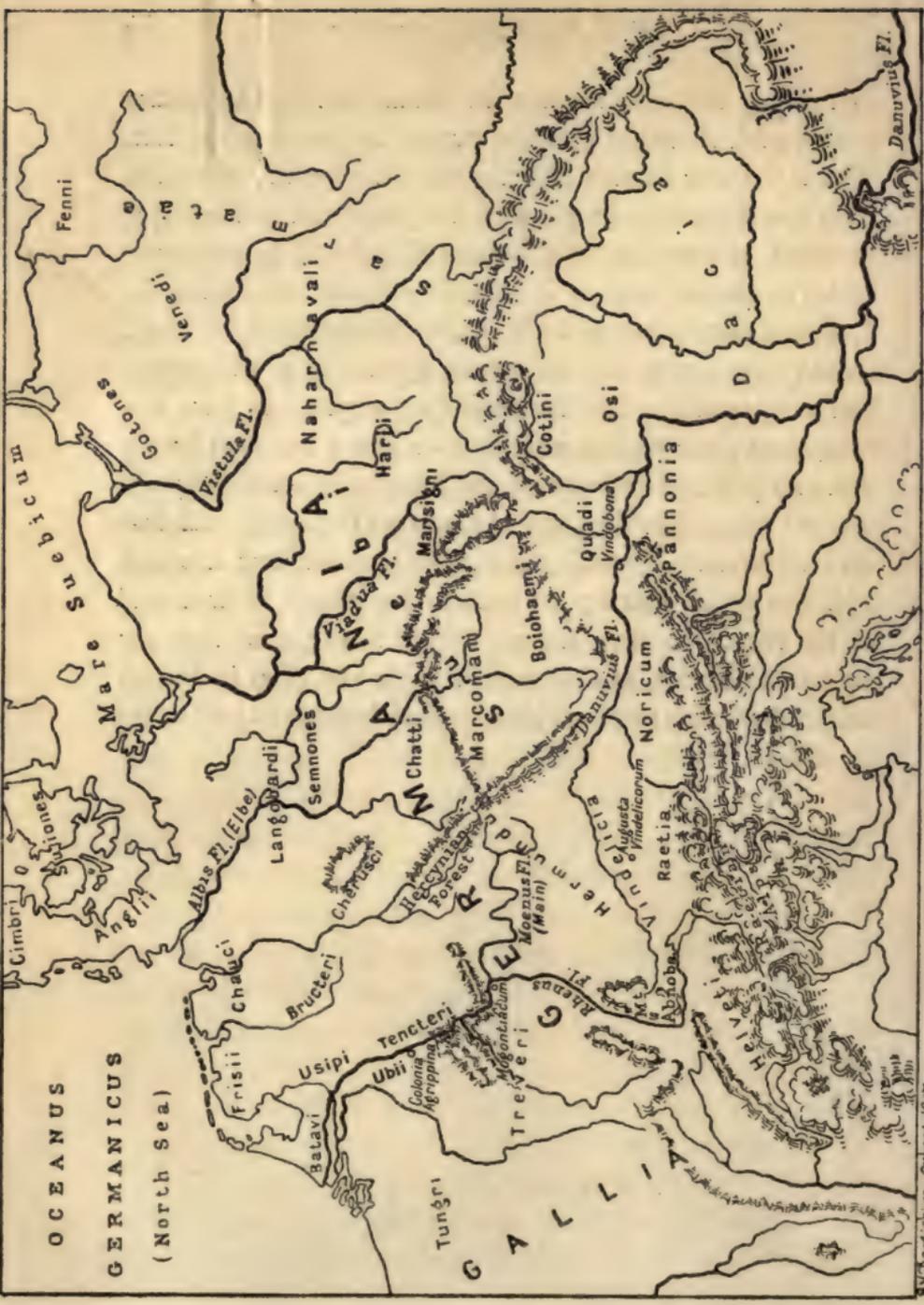
Agricola never lived to see the siege of the senate-house, 45 when armed bands barred the doors, or the slaughter of many consulars in that same disaster, or the banishment and flight of many noble ladies. Metius Carus had as yet but one victory to his credit, nor was the voice of Messalinus heard beyond the Alban Castle: Baebius Massa was still upon his trial ⁿ. Soon came the days when our own hands dragged

Helvidius to prison ; when we ourselves parted Mauricus and Rusticus, and were bespattered with Senecio's innocent bloodⁿ. Nero, at least, averted his eyes from such sights : he ordered crimes, but did not see them committed. Under Domitian the worst of our misery lay in watching and in being watched. Our very sighs were registered ; for he could note all the pale faces round him without a sign on that cruel, red face—his natural bulwark against shame!

Fortune favoured Agricola not only in the brilliance of his life, but also in the opportune moment of his death. Those who were present to hear his last words tell how he waited for the end firmly and cheerfully, willing, it seemed, to give the Emperor, as far as might be, a free pardon from guilt. But for myself and for his daughter, besides the untimely loss of a father, our grief was the greater because it was not granted us to sit beside his sick-bed, to cherish his failing strength, to sate our sorrow with a last look and a last embrace. Eagerly, indeed, would we have caught up his last words and instructions, and have planted them deep in our hearts. This is our peculiar sorrow, and our pain that by the misfortune of our long absence he was lost to us four years before his death.ⁿ Best of fathers ! with that most loving wife beside you, doubtless all was fully done that could be in your honour ; yet the fewer tears bemoaned you there, and ere your eyes closed for ever on the light, something there was for which they longed in vain.

46 If there be any place for the spirits of good men : if, as philosophers hold, great souls do not perish with the body, then is Agricola at rest, quietly calling us, his household, from weak regret and womanish tears to the thought of his noble character, for which it is not right to weep or mourn. Let us

rather pay him our homage in admiration and in endless praise, and, if nature grant us power, by growing like him. This is the true honour, this the true duty of his nearest kin. This would be my precept to his daughter and to his wife, to reverence the memory of father and of husband, by pondering all his words and actions in their hearts, and embracing the form and feature not of his body, but of his soul. Not that I would have a veto laid on statues of marble or of bronze : but men's statues, like the faces they depict, are weak and crumbling ; the soul's beauty lives for ever ; and that beauty you may preserve and express, not in stone by some sculptor's art, but yourself in the traits of your own character. All that we have loved in Agricola, all that we have admired lives and will live to all eternity of time in the minds of men and in the record of their deeds. Many of our forefathers are buried in oblivion, as though their pride and glory had never been. Agricola's story has been handed down to all posterity : he will survive.



Scale 1:100,000
 0 50 100
 J English Miles

GERMANY

GERMANY proper is separated from Gaul, Raetia, and I Pannonia by the rivers Rhine and Danube; from Sarmatia and Dacia by mountains and mutual suspicion. The ocean washes its other sides, embracing broad peninsulas and islands of vast size, where lately the disclosures of war have brought to our knowledge new peoples and their kings. The Rhine, rising on an inaccessible peak of the Raetian Alps, takes a slight bend towards the west and mingles its waters in the North Sea. The Danube flows from the gentle slopes of Mount Adnoba, reaching many peoples in its course, until it forces its way by six mouths into the Pontic Sea. The seventh mouth is drained by marshes.

The Germans themselves are, I am inclined to believe, an 2 indigenous people, very little affected by admixture with other races through immigration or intercourse. For in old days emigrants travelled not by land but in ships; and owing to the limitless extent of the sea beyond our ken, and what I may call its inhospitality, Germany was seldom visited by ships from our clime. Besides, to say nothing of the dangers of the rough and unknown sea, who would leave Asia or Africa or Italy and sail for Germany, with its grim scenery and severe climate, ill to visit and ill to live in—unless of course it were his fatherland?

The ancient songs, which are their sole form of history and tradition, tell the praises of the earth-born god Tuisto, and his

son Mannus. These are the fathers and founders of the race. To Mannus they assign three sons, after whom the tribes nearest the sea are called Ingaevones, those in the interior Herminones, and the rest Istaevones. Some people maintain—antiquity invites conjecture—that there are more tribes of divine descent, and more group-names, such as Marsi, Gambriuii, Suebi, Vandilii, which they take to be real ancient names. However that may be, the origin and application of the word Germania are both recent. The tribe, now called Tungri, which first crossed the Rhine and drove out the Gauls, were then called Germani. Thus the name not of a people but of a tribe gradually gained currency. It was first given to the whole race by the conquerors to inspire fear: later, when the name had thus arisen, they all came to call themselves Germans ⁿ.

- 3 They tell stories of Hercules ⁿ having lived amongst them, and when marching to battle they sing his praises as the prince of heroes. They have other songs of this kind which they intone. This they call 'shield-song ⁿ'. It serves to raise their spirits, and from the singing they take omens for the coming battle. For as they march and sing, they inspire fear or feel it according to the noise they make, which sounds more like a unison of hearts than of voices. For their chief aim is to produce a rough and broken roar by putting their shields to their mouths, so that the reverberation may swell their voices to a fuller and a deeper tone. Some people believe that Ulysses in his long legendary wandering was carried into these seas and visited Germany, and that Asciburgium, a town on the banks of the Rhine, which is still inhabited to-day, was founded and named by him. . . .¹ They go

¹ Some words are lost here.

on to say that an altar dedicated to Ulysses, and bearing also the name of his father, Laertes, was once discovered on this same spot, and that several barrows with memorial inscriptions in Greek are still to be found on the frontier of Germany. It is not my intention either to argue in support of these statements or to refute them. My readers must believe or disbelieve them each as he feels inclined.

Personally I incline to the opinion of those who hold that 4 the peoples of Germany are not contaminated by inter-marriage with other tribes, but have remained a race peculiar, pure-bred, and unique. This accounts for their physical type, which, in spite of their numbers, is universally the same. They have fierce blue eyes, red hair, and large frames, only capable of sudden effort. They endure labour and service less patiently than we, and cannot support thirst and heat. But their climate and soil have accustomed them to cold and hunger.

The country, although very varied in appearance, generally 5 consists of rough forests or fowl swamps. It is wetter where it faces Gaul, and windier on the side of Noricum and Pannonia. Though fertile in crops, it bears no fruit-trees: it is rich in flocks, but they are generally stunted. Even their cattle do not attain their natural beauty or the full growth of their horns. They take pleasure in the size of their herds: these are their sole form of wealth, and they are very proud of them. Whether it is in mercy or anger that the gods have denied them silver and gold I do not know: nor could I definitely assert that Germany produces no vein of gold or silver: for no one has explored. But they are not affected in the same way that we are by its possession and use. You may see there silver vases which have been given

as presents to their ambassadors and chiefs: but they hold them as cheap as earthenware pots. However, the tribes nearest to us have learnt through familiarity with trade to value gold and silver: they can recognize and pick out certain pieces of our money. The people of the interior use the more simple and ancient method of barter. They like best the old coinage with which they are familiar, with milled edges and with a two-horsed chariot stamped on it. They also prefer silver to gold. This is not a matter of taste; but a number of small silver coins is more useful for men who only buy cheap and common articles.

- 6 Even iron is not plentiful, as one may gather from the nature of their weapons. Swords and long lances are rarely used: they carry spears, or, as they name them, 'Frams,' which have a short, narrow head, but are so sharp and handy that they use the same weapon, as circumstances demand, for close and open fighting. The cavalry are content with shield and spear: the infantry also shower javelins: each man carries several, and they can throw them a very long way. They fight naked or in a light plaid. They have no elaborate apparel, and merely paint their shields with distinctive colours, of the brightest hue. Few wear cuirasses, hardly any helmets or caps. Their horses are distinguished neither for build nor for speed. They are not taught like our cavalry to describe figures of eight, but they ride straight forward or make simple flank movements [to the right ⁿ], keeping line so closely that none fall behind. All things considered, their infantry seem the stronger. They therefore fight in mixed order. A picked body of infantry, chosen from the whole fighting strength, is stationed before the main body, and these men are so swift of foot as to be fit for a cavalry engagement. Their number

too is fixed : a hundred come from each village, and they are known to their own people as ' the hundred '. Thus what was at first a mere number has come to be an honourable name. The line is drawn up in wedge-battalions. To retire from your post, provided you charge again, is thought to show prudence, not fear. They carry away their dead, even after a doubtful battle. To lose your shield is the worst dishonour of all : one thus disgraced may not be present at a sacrifice or enter a council. After a defeat many survivors have been known to hang themselves to end their infamy.

Kings they choose by family, generals by merit. But the 7 kings have not an unfettered power ; and the generals lead less by authority than by force of example, according as they win praise for energy, conspicuous bravery and daring. Powers of execution or imprisonment and even of flogging are granted to none but the priests, nor are they exercised as a penalty or at the general's command, but at the bidding—so they imagine—of the tribal god whom they believe to be present in the ranks. Statues and certain symbols are taken down from the trees of the groveⁿ and carried into battle. The troops of horse and the ' wedge-battalions ' of infantry are formed not merely at haphazard but by families and clans. In this lies their chief incentive to bravery. Their dearest too are close at hand : the women's cries and the wailing of the babies reach their ears. It is their testimony that each man respects, their praise he values most. They carry their wounds to show to mother and to wife : nor are the women frightened to number and examineⁿ the blows : during battle they bring them food and encouragement.

There is a tradition that in some battles troops already 8

wavering and beginning to run have been rallied by the women, who offer unceasing prayers, bare their breasts, and point out that captivity lies waiting close at hand. This the Germans fear far more anxiously for the women's sake than for their own, and the strongest hold upon the loyalty of these tribes is got by demanding as hostages girls of noble family. Indeed they believe that there is in women some divine spark of foreknowledge, and they do not despise their advice or neglect their answers. We saw for ourselves in the reign of the sainted Vespasian a woman named Velaeda, who was long credited by many people with supernatural powers. In earlier days too they paid great respect to Albruna and many other prophetesses, but not in a spirit of flattery nor as though they wanted to make goddesses of themⁿ.

- 9 They worship Mercuryⁿ more than any other of the gods. They do not think it wrong to propitiate him on certain days with human victims. Hercules and Marsⁿ they appease with more venial sacrifices. A portion of the Suebi also sacrifice to Isis. The origin of this foreign rite is quite uncertain : but the symbol itself is made in the shape of a galley, which shows that the worship is imported. However, they consider that it ill accords with the majesty of heavenly beings to coop them within walls or to depict them in any human shape. They consecrate groves and woods and give divine names to that mysterious abstraction which they see by the eye of awe alone.
- 10 No people attach more importance to auspices and the decision of the lot. Their method of drawing lots is always the same. They lop off a branch of a fruit-tree and cut it up into small wands. These they distinguish by certain marks and scatter them at random over a white cloth. Next,

if the deliberations be public, the tribal priest, or, if private, the head of the family himself, offers a prayer, and raising his eyes to heaven picks up three wands, one at a time, and then interprets them according to the marks already made on each. If the auspices are unfavourable, they do not consult them again that day on the same matter. If assent is indicated, they still demand a further confirmation of their truth. For they have learnt to question, as we do, the flight and cries of birds. They have also a method peculiar to themselves of obtaining prophetic warning from horses, which are kept at public expense in the groves and woods mentioned before. These horses are white and undefiled by human labour. They are yoked to a sacred car, and the priest, together with the king or chief man of the tribe, accompanies them and takes note of their neighing and whinnying. No method of taking auspices is more completely trusted, not only by the common people, but by the nobles also, and by the priests, who think themselves the gods' servants and the horses their confidants. They have also another method of taking auspices, by which they seek to discover the issue of important battles. They capture a prisoner, as best they can, from the tribe with whom they are at war, and pit him against a chosen warrior of their own, each with his native weapons. The victory of the one or the other is taken as an omen.

On minor matters the chief men consult alone : on more I I
important business they all meet. They provide, however, that all questions, the decision of which lies with the people, may be previously discussed by the chiefs. Their meetings are, except in case of chance emergencies, on fixed days, either at new moon or full moon : such seasons they believe to be the most auspicious for beginning business. They

reckon the number, not of the days as we do, but of the nightsⁿ. It is thus that they make their appointments and contracts. To them day seems to follow night. Their love of liberty makes them independent to a fault: they do not assemble all at once or as though they were under orders: but two or three days are wasted by their delay in arriving. They take their seats as they come, all in full armour. Silence is demanded by the priests, to whom are granted special powers of coercion. Next, the king, or one of the chief men, according to claims of age, lineage, or military glory, receives a hearing, which he obtains more by power of persuasion than by any right of command. If the opinion expressed displeases them, their murmurs reject it: if they approve, they clash their spears. Such applause is considered the most honourable form of assent.

- 12 At the meeting charges involving risk of capital punishment may be brought. The punishment fits the crime. They hang traitors and deserters on trees: cowards and cravens and evil-livers they plunge into a muddy swamp and put a hurdle on the top. These different penalties imply the distinction that crimes in being punished ought to be made public, while shameful offences ought to be concealed. They have also for lighter offences proportionate penalties: if convicted, they are fined a certain number of horses or cattle. Part of the fine is paid to the king or community, part to the injured man or his kinsmen. In these same meetings they choose chiefs who administer justice in the shires and villages. Each of these is accompanied by a hundred companions of the common people, who give him both advice and authority.ⁿ
- 13 They do no business public or private except in arms. But their custom is that no one may carry arms until the

community has approved his ability. Then before the whole assembly either one of the chief men or the father or some kinsman adorns the young warrior with shield and spear. This panoply is their 'toga', youth's first honour. Before this he is a member of the household, now a member of the state. Distinguished lineage or great services done by ancestors sometimes win for mere boys the rank of a chief: but these take their place among the other tougher warriors whom time has tried, and do not blush to be seen in the ranks. Within the train itself too there are degrees of honour, determined at the leader's discretion. And great rivalry prevails—the followers each striving to be first with their chief, the chiefs to have the largest and most spirited following. Real distinction and strength belong to the chief who has around him always a band of chosen warriors, to be a glory in peace and a protection in war. To have a following distinguished for its size and bravery brings fame and glory not only among your own people, but among neighbouring tribes as well. Such trains are courted by legates, and honoured with gifts, and often decide the fortune of a battle by the mere rumour of their presence.

When the fighting begins, it is shameful for a chief to be I4
outdone in bravery, and equally shameful for the followers not to match the bravery of their chief: to survive one's chief and to return from battle is a foul disgrace which lasts as long as life. To defend him, to support him, to turn one's own brave deeds to his glory, this is their chief oath of allegiance. The chiefs fight for victory, the followers for their chief. Often youths of noble family, if the community in which they were born is suffering the torpor of prolonged peace, go and seek out some tribe which happens to be at

war. They hate peace ; and fame too comes more easily in times of danger. Nor can you support a large following save by war and violence : for they exact from their chief's liberality their charger and their murderous invincible spear. Feasts too, rough though plentiful, are given for pay. The means of this liberality is won by war and plunder. It would be far harder to persuade them to plough the fields and wait for the year's yield than to challenge the enemy and earn a wage of wounds. Indeed, they think it dull and lazy to get by the sweat of your own brow what may be won by shedding some one else's blood.

15 When they are not fighting, they spend little time in huntingⁿ, much more in doing nothing. They devote themselves to sleeping and eating. Even the bravest and most warlike are quite idle, for they give over the care of house and fields to the women and the old men, and to all the weaklings of the household. They themselves merely lounge, for from a strange contradiction of character they love idleness yet hate peace. It is usual for the tribe, man by man, to contribute a voluntary gift of cattle or corn for the chiefs. They accept this as an honour, and it meets their needs. They take particular pleasure in gifts from neighbouring tribes. These are sent not only by individuals but often by the community, and consist of picked horses, massive armour, bosses and collars. In these days we have also taught them to take money.

16 It is well known that none of the German tribes live in cities. They cannot endure undetached houses. Their homes are separate and scattered, pitched at the call of river, plain, or wood. They build villages, but not as we do with the buildings all adjoining and connected. Each man has

an open space round his homestead, either as a protection against risk of fire, or because they do not know how to build otherwise. They make no use even of quarry-stones or tiles. For all purposes they use timber roughly hewn with no attempt at beauty or comfort. Some parts they carefully smear with an earth so pure and bright that it gives the effect of painting and coloured designs. They often dig caverns under the earth and load heaps of mud above them : these make a refuge for them in winter and a storehouse for fruits. In such places as these they temper the extreme cold : and if an enemy comes he carries off what he finds in the open, while he knows nothing of all that is hidden and buried ; or else it escapes just because there is no time to search for it.

They all wear for covering a plaid fastened with a brooch, 17 or, in default of that, a thorn. Without any other clothing they spend whole days lying on the hearth before the fire. The wealthy are distinguished by a garment, which does not flow loose, as with the Sarmatae and Parthians, but fits close and shows the shape of each limb. They also use the skins of wild beasts. Those nearest the Rhine look comfortable in them, but the people of the interior wear them with elaborate care, since they are not yet civilized by commerce.ⁿ They choose their animal, skin it, and stain the hide with the speckled fur of the beasts found in the further ocean and the unknown sea.ⁿ The women have the same clothing as the men, except that they more frequently wear linen garments which they ornament with purple stripes. The bodice has no sleeves, and they leave the arm and forearm uncovered ; the adjoining part of the breast is also left bare. Nevertheless, their observance of the marriage-tie is very strict, and there is no

point in their manners which deserves greater praise. Almost alone among barbarians they are content with one wife, with the exception of a very few. These are not lewd, but by reason of their lineage their hands are sought in several marriages.

18 The husband brings a dowry to the wife, not the wife to the husband. The parents come to the wedding and inspect the presents. These are not designed to please a woman's taste, nor can a young bride wear them in her hair: they are oxen, and a bridled horse or a shield with spear and sword. This is the dowry which wins a wife, and she in her turn brings her husband some gift of arms. This represents to them our marriage bond, the mystic celebrations, and all the gods of matrimony.ⁿ A woman must not think herself exempt from thoughts of bravery or the chances of war. By the ceremony which begins her married life she is warned that she comes to be her husband's partner in toil and in danger, to suffer and to dare with him alike in peace and war. This is plainly shown by the yoked oxen, the bridled horse, and the gift of arms. Thus she must live, and thus she must die. She is receiving a trust which she must keep worthily and hand on to her children, a trust which her sons' wives may receive in turn and pass on to their children.

19 So chastity is well cloistered in their lives. They are not corrupted by the allurements of the theatre or the subtle temptations of banquets. Neither men nor women know anything of clandestine correspondence. In proportion to their numbers adultery is very rare: the husband is allowed to take immediate reprisal. He cuts off his wife's hair, strips her naked in the presence of her family, and flogs her all up the village street. For a woman who sells her chastity

there is no pardon ; neither beauty, nor youth, nor wealth can find her a husband. For in Germany no one laughs at vice, nor calls mutual corruption 'the spirit of the age' ⁿ. 

Better still is the life of those tribes where only virgins are married : their hopes and aspirations are settled once for all. Thus to the wife her husband is one body and one life with her : she has no thoughts beyond him, no further desires : it seems as though her love was not so much for her husband as for the married state. To limit the number of their offspring or to kill one of the later-born children ⁿ they consider a crime ; and their good morals are of more avail than good laws in other places. ⁿ 

In every home you see the children dirty and naked, yet ²⁰ they grow to that strength of body and limb which we so much admire. Each mother feeds her children at her own breast : they do not leave this duty to serving-maids and nurses ⁿ. No delicacy in their upbringing distinguishes masters from slaves. They grow up among the same cattle on the same ground until maturity sets the free apart and valour claims them as her own. The boys develop late and grow to a lusty manhood. Nor are the girls hurried into marriage. They have the same youthful vigour, the same tall stature as the young men. In marriage husband and wife are matched in age and strength, and the children prove their parents' powers. Sisters' sons have the same position with their uncle as with their father. Some people even consider this the stronger tie of blood, and in taking hostages insist on it more, thinking thus to get a firmer hold on the affections and a wider hold on the family. However, a man's heirs and successors are always his own sons. They make no will. In default of sons the property goes to the next of kin, brothers

or uncles on either side. The greater the number of his kinsmen and connexions, the greater an old man's honour. In Germany it does not pay to be childless.ⁿ

21 The family are bound to share the feuds as well as the friendships of father or kinsman. But these feuds are not irreconcilable. Even homicide has its price in a fixed tale of cattle or sheep : the whole family receives the recompense. This is good policy for the community, since feuds and freedom are dangerous side by side. In entertainment and hospitality no people are more profuse and generous. It is thought wrong to refuse shelter to any living man. Each according to his means receives his guests with a liberal spread. When his store fails, the former host sets out with his guest and guides him to another lodging. They proceed to the next house without any invitation. Nor does this make any difference : their welcome is no less warm. As far as the right of hospitality is concerned no one makes any distinction between friend and stranger. On a guest's departure, should he ask for anything, their custom is to grant it ; and the guest on his part feels just as free to ask. They like presents, but do not reckon them as a favour, nor feel under any obligation in accepting them.

22 Immediately they rise from sleep, which they frequently prolong into the day, they take a bath, usually of warm water, as is natural where winter takes the lion's share of the year. After the bath they take a meal. They have separate seats and each his own table. Then they proceed to business and often to feasts in full armour. No one is ashamed to drink from dawn to dawn. As is natural among drunkards, quarrels are frequent, and their brawls are rarely settled without wounds and bloodshed. But they also frequently consult at

their feasts about the reconciliation of feuds, the forming of family connexions, and the adoption of chiefs, and also upon peace and war. At no other time, they feel, is the heart so open to frank thoughts or so well warmed to great ones. Being as a race without much cunning or experience, they still open the secrets of their hearts in the freedom of jest. Thus the mind of each is laid bare. On the morrow they discuss the question again, thus preserving the advantages of either state. They debate, while incapable of deceit, and decide when they cannot be misled.

Their drink is a liquid made from barley or wheat fermented 23 into a faint resemblance of wine. Their food is simple, wild fruits, fresh game, or curdled milk. They simply satisfy their hunger without any refinement or preparation. In drinking they are less temperate. If you pander to their intemperance by supplying as much as they want, their vices will conquer them as effectively as any troops.

They have but one kind of public show : in every gathering 24 it is the same. Naked youths, who profess this sport, fling themselves in dance among swords and levelled lances. Practice has perfected their skill, and skill their grace ; yet they do not do it to make money or a living. Daring as the game is, its sole reward is the spectators' pleasure. Gambling, with dice, it is strange to find, they reckon as a serious occupation. They play while sober, and show such recklessness in winning and losing, that, when all else fails, on the last throw of all they stake their liberty and person. The loser goes into voluntary slavery. Though he may be the younger and the stronger, he suffers himself to be bound and sold. This shows their wrong-headed obstinacy : they call it themselves a sense of honour. Slaves thus obtained

they usually sell in the market, to rid themselves from the shame of such a victory.

25 Their ordinary slaves are not employed, as ours are, on distinct duties in the establishment. Each has his own hearth and home. The master fixes a certain measure of grain or number of cattle to be paid as a sort of rent : this forms the only obligation. All the household duties are performed by the master's wife and children. Slaves are very rarely beaten or condemned to imprisonment or taskwork. They are sometimes killed by their master, not, however, as a severe act of discipline, but simply in a fit of passion, just as one might kill a private enemy, except that it is legal to kill a slave. The position of freedmen is not much higher than that of slaves. In the household they rarely have any influence, in the state never, except in those tribes which are ruled by kings. There they rise even above the free-born and above the nobles. In the other tribes the inferiority of freedmen is a proof of freedom.

26 The lending of money and its multiplication by interest is unknown to them. Ignorance proves a better preventive than prohibition. The fields are held by village-communities in proportion to their numbers, and are allotted to individuals according to rank. The extent of the land makes the division easy. They never till the same field two years in succession, yet there is always land to spare. They do not labour to improve the richness or extent of the soil by planting orchards, enclosing meadows, and irrigating gardens : their sole demand upon the land is corn. Thus they do not divide the year into as many seasons as we do. They distinguish winter, spring, and summer, and give them names ; but they know neither the name nor the blessings of autumn.

Their funerals are not ostentatious. The only custom 27 they observe is that of using certain kinds of wood for the cremation of famous men. They do not load the pyre with garments or perfumes. The dead man's armour goes into the flames, and in some cases his horse as well. The tomb is built of turf. They dislike a tall and elaborate monument : it seems an honour that weighs heavy on the dead. They soon cease from tears and mourning, but are slow to forget their grief. 'Women must weep,' they say, 'and men remember.'

Such is the general information that has reached us concerning the origin and manners of all the German tribes. I shall now describe the customs and observances of particular peoples, wherever they differ, and state which of the tribes have migrated from Germany into Gaul.

We have the very high authority of the sainted Julius for 28 the statement that the Gauls were once more powerful than the Germans. This makes it probable that the Gauls migrated across the Rhine into Germany. As each tribe grew in strength and numbers, the river would be no obstacle to their migrating to the opposite bank and seizing there lands, which had hitherto been unappropriated and not included in the realm of any powerful kingdom. Thus in the country between the Hercynian Forest and the rivers Rhine and Main, the Helvetii have seized territory, and beyond them the Boii. The name Boiohaemi still exists, and, although the inhabitants are changed, it bears out the old traditions of the country. But whether the Aravisci migrated into Pannonia from the Osi or the Osi from the Aravisci into Germany it is impossible to decide. Both have still the

same language and the same manners and customs: nor was there much to choose between the two banks of the Danube. The advantages and disadvantages were much the same. On either side they would be free and poor. The Treveri and the Nervii openly boast of their claim to German blood. They seem to feel that the glory of their descent marks them off from the inactive Gauls. On the west bank of the Rhine live the Vangiones, Triboci, and Nemetes, whose German origin is undoubted. Even the Ubii, although they have earned the status of a Roman colony and prefer to be called Agrippinenses after their founder Agrippinaⁿ, are yet not ashamed of their German origin. At some past date they crossed the Rhine, and, having given proof of their loyalty to Rome, were settled on the west bank, not because they needed watching, but in order that they might hold the frontier.

- 29 The Batavi, who are the bravest of all these peoples, live partly on the bank of the Rhine, but chiefly on the island in the river. Once a tribe of the Chatti, a faction at home drove them across to their present homes, where they were destined to become a portion of the Roman Empire. They still retain an honourable status which bears witness to their old alliance with Rome: for they do not suffer the indignity of having to pay tribute, nor are they ground down by the tax-farmer. They are exempt from all burdens and contributions, and are reserved simply for fighting, like spears and shields which are kept for use in battle. The Mattiaci enjoy a similar status. For the Roman people have spread the fear of their great name beyond the Rhine and the old boundaries of the empire. Thus, although they live on the German bank of the river, in sentiment and in spirit they are Roman. In other respects they resemble the Batavi except that the

soil and climate of their native country make them more vigorous and brave.

I should not reckon among the peoples of Germany those who cultivate the 'Tithe-lands', although they have made their homes on the far side of the Rhine and Danube. They are the dregs of the Gauls, who, made desperate by poverty have squatted on this land and been content with a doubtful tenure. Now that the frontier has been drawn and the line of fortresses moved forward, they count as a part of the province and a nook of the empire.ⁿ

Beyond these peoples, at the edge of the Hercynian Forest, 30 begins the territory of the Chatti, which is much less flat and marshy than the country of the other tribes who live in the open plains of Germany. The hills, which gradually open out into the plain, continue all through their country. The Hercynian Forest is like their hired servant: it escorts them all the way to their frontier and takes leave of them there. The Chatti have close-knit limbs, a menacing expression, and tougher frames and greater vigour of mind than the other tribes. For Germans, they show a good deal of method and ingenuity. They elect their own leaders, and obey commands; they understand military drill and strategy; they have learnt to reserve their attack, to portion out the day, and to entrench themselves for the night; they realize that fortune is fickle, while bravery can be depended on; and, what is rarest of all and seldom found except in trained Roman troops, they put more faith in the general than in the army. All their strength is in their infantry: these carry heavy burdens of tools and provisions besides their arms. You may see other tribes going out to fight, but the Chatti conduct a real campaign. With them sudden raids

and casual engagements are rare. This is because they fight on foot. It is the function of cavalry to win a quick victory or beat a quick retreat : speed and timidity go together ; but deliberate movement breeds steadiness.

31 The Chatti have adopted as a universal custom a practice which among the other German tribes is rare and left to individual enterprise. As soon as they reach manhood they let the hair and beard grow long. Its growth they regard as a symbol of their solemn devotion to war, and each vows not to shave until he has killed his man. Not until they are standing over the spoil of the bleeding enemy do they clear the mat of hair from their faces : not until then do they consider that they have paid for their upbringing and proved themselves worthy sons of their parents and their fatherland. Cowards and cravens never shave. All the bravest warriors wear also an iron ring like a manacle upon their arms, which they regard as a mark of disgrace, until they have set themselves free by killing an enemy. Many of the Chatti, however, are proud of their long hair, and wear it until they are grey-headed. They are thus very conspicuous and easily recognized by their own side and by the enemy. It always rests with these to begin a battle : they always form the front rank, and a strange spectacle they make. Even in time of peace they preserve a no less fierce and wild appearance. None of them have homes or fields or any occupation. Prodigal of other peoples' property and careless of their own, they find their food wherever they go ; and thus they live until the pale decay of age unfits them for this hardy life of daring.

32 Next to the Chatti, where the channel of the Rhine is well enough defined to form a frontier, live the Usipi and

Tencteri. The Tencteri, like all Germans, are famous fighters, but they also excel in the art of riding. Indeed, the Chatti are not more famous for their infantry than the Tencteri for their cavalry. Riding is with them an old custom in which they imitate their ancestors. It is the baby's one game, the boy's one ambition : even the old men do not give it up. Horses are bequeathed with the home and household goods as part of a man's property. However it is not the eldest son who inherits them, as in the case of other property, but the son who shows himself the best soldier.

The Bructeri once lived next to the Tencteri. Now, we 33
are told, the Chamavi and Angrivarii have migrated thither, for the Bructeri were conquered and utterly annihilated by a coalition of the neighbouring tribes. Perhaps they hated the pride of the Bructeri : perhaps they were tempted by the prospect of loot : or it may have happened by a special intervention of Providence in our favour. For we were even permitted to enjoy the spectacle of the battle. Over 60,000 of them fell, not under the swords of Rome, but, what was far more magnificent, simply as a show for our gratification. If the natives will not love us, long let them hate each other. May that spirit never die among them. The destiny of empire is a heavy burden. No gift of heaven could be more welcome in these days than disunion among our enemies.ⁿ

Behind the Angrivarii and Chamavi live the Dulgubnii and 34
Chasuarii and other tribes which are less well known. Next to them in front come the Frisii ⁿ. They are divided, according to their strength, into the greater and the lesser Frisii. Both tribes live along the borders of the Rhine right up to the mouth, and their country includes also huge lakes on

which Roman ships have sailed. Indeed we have even ventured on the sea off their coast; and a rumour was current that the Columns of Hercules could be discovered there. Perhaps Hercules visited this country: or is it rather that anything magnificent in any part of the world is by general consent associated with his name? At any rate the mystery was never solved. It was not that Drusus Germanicusⁿ lacked enterprise, but the sea rudely resisted any inquiries either into its own secrets or those of Hercules. No one has had the enterprise to try again. It was evidently thought that, where a god is concerned, faith is more reverent than knowledge.

35 I have now described all that is known of Western Germany. From the Frisian country the coast-line runs northwards and returns again to the south, forming a long loop of country.ⁿ Here first of all are found the Chauci. Their territory includes part of the coast running eastward from the Frisii, extends along the north and east frontiers of all the tribes which I have described, and finally takes a southward bend, reaching as far as the country of the Chatti. This immense tract of country is not only occupied, but actually filled by the Chauci. They are the finest of the German tribes, and prefer to preserve their great position by right rather than might. They are neither aggressive nor violent. Living in peaceful seclusion they never provoke war and do not rob or plunder their neighbours. Indeed, their power and their honesty are shown in the fact that they do not owe their pre-eminence to a policy of oppression. Yet they are ready enough to fight, and, if the occasion demands, can furnish a strong force of infantry and cavalry. Their reputation is as great in peace as in war.

36 To the east of the Chauci and Chatti live the Cherusci.

Free from invasion for many years, they have cultivated a peace the long duration of which has been enervating. This policy has proved more pleasant than prudent. Among strong and lawless neighbours peace is a dangerous delusion. Where violence rules supreme, moderation and justice are the attributes of the stronger. Thus the Cherusci, who were once called just and honourable, are now called feeble and stupid : whereas the success of the Chatti passed for wisdom. The Fosi, a neighbouring people, shared the downfall of the Cherusci. In prosperity they were inferior to the Cherusci, in adversity they are their equals.

In this same corner of Germany there lies on the sea-coast 37 the country of the Cimbri, a tribe now poor in numbers but rich in fame. Their old renown has left clear traces in vast encampments on both banks of the Rhine, by the size of which you can measure the great strength and number of their forces, and test the traditions of their great migration into Italy. Rome was in her 640th year in the consulship of Caecilius Metellus and Papirius Carboⁿ when the tramp of the Cimbrian hosts first reached our ears. If we reckon the time from that date to the second consulship of the Emperor Trajanⁿ we get roughly 210 years. So long have we been trying to conquer Germany. Meanwhile in these long years there have been great losses on both sides. Neither the Samnites nor the Carthaginians, neither Spain nor Gaul nor even the Parthians, have given us more frequent warnings. Free Germany is a worse foe than the Arsacid empire. For what reproach can the peoples of the east fling in our faces except that they killed Crassus, while they themselves lost their own prince Pacorus and were soon crushed beneath the heel of a Ventidius?ⁿ Germany can boast more than this. Carbo

and Cassius, Aurelius Scaurus and Servilius Caepio and Gnaeus Mallius were all routed or taken prisoner by the Cimbri.ⁿ The arms of Germany robbed the Republic of five armies in one war, and stole Varus and his three divisions from the Emperor Augustus himself.ⁿ Nor was it without severe loss that Caius Marius defeated them in Italy,ⁿ the sainted Julius in Gaul,ⁿ Drusus and Tiberius and Germanicus in their own country.ⁿ Later, again, Caligula's terrible threats were laughed to scorn.ⁿ Then followed peace until, seizing the opportunity of our internal disunion and the civil war, they stormed our winter quarters and even tried to wrest from us the provinces of Gaul.ⁿ They were driven back again from Gaul, yet in recent years, though we have held many triumphs over Germany, we have won few victories.

- 38 I must now give some account of the Suebi. They do not form a single tribe like the Chatti or Tencteri, but spread over a great part of Germany, and are still divided into separate tribes each with a name of its own, while the name Suebi is given to them all in common. A peculiarity of these people is the way in which they turn their hair back and tie it in a knot behind. This distinguishes the Suebi from the other German tribes, and the free-born Suebians from their slaves. In other parts of Germany this custom is found, and seems due either to kinship with the Suebi, or, as often happens, to imitation; but it is rare and confined to the young. The Suebi twist back their stiff hair until it is grey with age, and often tie it in a knot on the top of the head. The chiefs dress their hair even more elaborately. Such is their care for personal appearance; but it is quite innocent. Their object is not lovemaking, like ours. They adopt this ornate arrange-

ment for the eyes of the enemy—to make them look taller and to inspire terror when they go to battle.

The Semnones believe themselves to be the oldest and 39 noblest of the Suebi ; and one of their religious ceremonies confirms this claim. On a fixed date all the tribes who own a common origin send representatives to a meeting held in a wood made sacred by ' ancestral rites and immemorial awe '. There they initiate their savage worship by a public human sacrifice. There is another superstition connected with this grove. Every one who enters it is fettered with a chain, as a token of his own inferiority and of the divine power. If any one happens to fall, he is not allowed to get up. They roll out along the ground. All this superstitious ritual seems meant to imply that the nation derived its origin from this grove ; that the god there reigns supreme and claims obedience and homage from all other beings. The success of the Semnones lends weight to their claims. They inhabit a thousand villages, and it is on the size of their community that they base their claim to be the chief tribe of the Suebi.

The Langobardi, on the other hand, are distinguished by 40 their fewness. Surrounded as they are by very numerous and powerful tribes, they have protected themselves not by submission but by bravery and battle. Next to them come the Reudigni, Aviones, Anglii, Varini, Eudoses, Suardones, and Nuithones. Their bulwarks are the rivers or the forests. Individually there is little to tell of them. They have all a common worship of Nerthus, who is the same as Mother Earth ; and they believe that she intervenes in human affairs and visits the tribes in her chariot. On an island in the sea lies a sacred grove, in which there stands under a coverlet a chariot dedicated to the goddess. The priest alone is

allowed to touch it. He can tell when the goddess is present in her shrine, and with great reverence he escorts her chariot drawn by cows. Then follow days of rejoicing, and, wherever she deigns to go and accept hospitality, all the countryside makes holiday. They refrain from war and carry no arms; all their weapons are shut up. This is the only time they know peace, and the only time they love it. This holiday continues until the goddess has had enough of mortal intercourse and the priest puts her back into the temple. Afterwards the chariot and the robes and, if you like to believe it, the deity herself are washed in a hidden lake. The slaves who perform this office are immediately swallowed up by the lake. Hence arises a mysterious awe: they piously wonder what the mystery can be, which is only revealed to men who must immediately die.

- 41 This division of the Suebi penetrates into the darkest north of Germany. Nearer to us, following now the Danube, just as above we followed the line of the Rhine, comes the tribe of the Hermunduri, faithful subjects of Rome. Their commerce is not confined to the bank of the Danube, but, unlike the other Germans, they carry on their trade far from the frontier in the wealthiest colony of the province of Raetia.¹¹ No garrison is set over them, and they are allowed to cross the frontier wherever they like. We let the other tribes see nothing but camps and armies, but we have opened our towns and our houses to the Hermunduri, since they showed no desire to plunder them. In their country rises the famous river Elbe, once well known to Roman eyes. Now we only hear tales about it.¹²
- 42 Beside the Hermunduri live the Naristi, and next to them the Marcomani and the Quadi. The Marcomani are famous

for their strength, and by their prowess in old days they even won their home by driving out the Boii. Nor are the Naristi or Quadi degenerate. These four tribes form, as it were, the face and front of Germany, where it is girdled by the Danube. The Marcomani and the Quadi within living memory have still been governed by kings of their own blood, members of the noble family of Maroboduus and Tudrus. Now they endure a foreign rule. But the power and authority of their kings is derived from Roman support. They are rarely helped by our army, far more often by our gold. It proves equally effective.

In the rear of the Marcomani and Quadi are ranged the 43 Marsigni, Cotini, Osi and Buri. Of these the Marsigni and Buri resemble the Suebi in their language and their mode of life. The Cotini and Osi are proved not to be Germans, because the former speak Gallic and the latter the language of Pannonia: moreover both submit to taxation. This is levied on them, as though they were aliens, partly by the Sarmatae and partly by the Quadi. The Cotini, more shame to their servility, have iron mines in their country.ⁿ All these peoples live very little in the plain country, but chiefly in the ravines or on the ridges and summits of the hills. An unbroken chain of hills runs through Suebia and divides it into two districts, in the further of which live many tribes, amongst whom the name of the Lygii has the widest application, being common to several distinct tribes. There is no need to name any but the most powerful of these, the Harii, Helvecones, Manimi, Elisii, and Naharnavali. These last show in their country a grove of very ancient sanctity. The presiding priest is dressed in woman's clothes, and they call their gods by names which we should interpret as Castor and

Pollux. At least the attributes of their deities are the same. They are called Alci. There are no images and no traces of the rite having been imported, but they are worshipped as brothers and as young men. For the rest, the Harii are a stronger tribe than any of those I have just mentioned. But besides their military strength they are singularly savage, and add to the effect of their natural ferocity by the aid of art and opportunity. They colour their limbs and carry black shields. They choose dark nights for battle, and their terrible and shadowy aspect, as of an army of ghosts, creates such a panic that no enemy can endure their strange and almost hellish appearance. For in battle it is always the eye that first surrenders.

- 44 Beyond the border of the Lygii live the Gotones who are governed by kings. Their rule is rather more strict than in the other tribes of Germany, yet not inconsistent with freedom. Next in order come the Rugii and Lemovii, whose country stretches to the sea. All these tribes are distinguished by round shields, short swords, and submission to kings.

Next come the Suionese communities, living on islands in the sea. Their strength lies not only in military forces but also in their fleet. Their ships differ in build from ours, having bows at either end, so that they can always put to land without turning. They do not use sails, nor regular banks of oars fixed to the sides, but the oars are loose, as you sometimes see in river boats, and can be shifted, as occasion demands, from one side to the other. These people also pay respect to wealth, and the richest man among them is their king. Here there are no restrictions to the power of the monarch. He rules not on sufferance but by right. Weapons are not in general use here, as in other parts of Germany, but

are kept shut up, and moreover in the keeping of a slave. The reason for this is that the sea protects them from sudden invasion, and in peace men with arms in their hands are likely to grow insubordinate; and, further, it is to the king's interest that the weapons should be in the keeping of a slave, not of a noble or a free citizen, or even of a freedman.

Beyond the Suiones lies another sea, which is sluggish and almost always calm. It is believed to form a girdle round the edge of the earth, on the ground that the last rays of the setting sun last there until dawn, and the twilight is bright enough to dim the stars. Popular superstition adds that you can hear the sea hiss as the sun rises out of it, and see plainly the shapes of the god's horses and the halo round his head. This region, they say, is the end of the world, and I can well believe it. 45

Passing then to the east along the shore of the Suebic sea, we find the tribes of the Aestii, who have the same observances and general appearance as the Suebi, while their language is more like the British tongue. They worship the Mother of the Gods. As the symbol of their religion they carry figures of boars. They believe that, without weapons or protection of any other kind, this charm preserves a devotee of the goddess from harm even among his enemies. They rarely use iron weapons, far more frequently clubs. They labour at the cultivation of crops and fruit-trees with a perseverance which is in contrast with the usual indolence of the Germans. They also scour the sea, and are the only people who gather amber. They themselves call it 'glaess', and they find it in the shallow water or actually on the shore. Like barbarians they have never discovered or inquired by what natural process it is produced. For long it lay among

the jetsam of the tide until Roman luxury called attention to it. They make no use of it themselves. They gather it in a rough state, sell it in shapeless lumps, and are surprised at being paid for it. You can tell, however, that it is the gum of a tree from the fact that land insects and sometimes even winged creatures are preserved in it, having got stuck in the liquid which subsequently hardened. My belief is that, as in the far East there are woods and forests more luxuriant than with us, the trees of which exude frankincense and balm, so too in the continents and islands of the West there are to be found substances drawn from the trees by the heat of the sun (which rises there close to the earth) and carried in a liquid state to the nearest sea, whence storms fling them up on the opposite coasts. If you test the amber by applying a light, it burns like a pine-torch and gives off a thick and strongly-scented flame, finally dissolving into a sort of pitch or resin.

Next to the Suiones come the tribes of the Sitones, who differ from them only in one particular. They have not only lost their liberty, but have even sunk below the condition of slaves : for they are ruled by a woman.

46 At this point Suebia ends. I am uncertain whether to assign to Germany or to Sarmatia the tribes of the Peucini, Venedi, and Fenni, though the Peucini, whom some call the Bastarnae, are German in their language, their mode of life, and their custom of living in fixed settlements. Dirt and laziness characterize them all. Their physical type has degenerated through mixed marriages, and their chiefs have faces of a Sarmatian cast. The Venedi have also derived their manners largely from the Sarmatae, for their raids have led them all over the wooded ridge of country which rises

between the Peucini and the Fenni. However, it is perhaps better to class them as Germans, for they have fixed homes, and carry shields, and pride themselves on their fleetness of foot; and in all these points they differ from the Sarmatae, who live in wagons or on horseback. The Fenni are wonderfully fierce and wretchedly poor. They have neither arms, nor horses, nor homes. Their food is grass, their clothing skins, their bed the ground. They put their faith in arrows, which they point with stone heads, in default of iron. Men and women alike live by hunting. The women accompany the men wherever they go, and expect to share the spoils of the chase. The children have no other protection against the wild beasts and the weather except a shelter of woven boughs. To this the young men come home from hunting, and it is the old men's day-long refuge. Still they think this a happier life than toiling dolefully at agriculture, labouring at household work, and speculating between hope and fear with your own and other people's money. They care neither for man nor for god, and indeed have nothing to pray for—a consummation very hard to reach. Beyond this point lies the region of fable. The Hellusii and Oxiones, we are told, have the heads and faces of men, the bodies and limbs of beasts. Of this we need more evidence. I will leave it an open question.

NOTES

DIALOGUE ON ORATORY

CHAPTER I

PAGE 1, l. 1. Fabius Justus, to whom the Dialogue is dedicated, was an intimate friend both of Tacitus and of the younger Pliny, some of whose letters to him are extant.

CHAPTER II

PAGE 2, l. 4. *Maternus*. See Introduction.

l. 10. *Marcus Aper* and *Julius Secundus*. See Introduction.

CHAPTER V

PAGE 4, l. 12. *Saleius Bassus* was an epic poet of whom *Quintilian* says that he had a vigorous and imaginative nature which age never mellowed.

PAGE 5, l. 15. *Epirus Marcellus*, a notorious informer, held high office under Nero and Vespasian.

l. 17. *Helvidius Priscus* was a prominent member of the Stoic opposition, who criticized the Imperial System mainly on philosophic grounds. He married the daughter of *Paetus Thrasea* (see *Agricola*, chap. ii), against whom *Marcellus* had informed. His attacks on *Marcellus* are described in the Fourth Book of *Tacitus's Histories*.

CHAPTER VI

l. 29. For the habitual court paid to the childless rich, see *Germania*, the last words of chapter xx, page 102.

CHAPTER VII

PAGE 6, l. 29. Like *Cicero*, *Aper* came of a family no member of which had hitherto held curule office. He came, moreover, from Gaul, to which country the right of holding office and sitting in the senate was first granted in A.D. 48, by *Claudius*. Hitherto

the Gauls had been merely regarded as 'barbarians' who fought against Julius Caesar. The Nobiles (i.e. 'known men', 'somebodies,' whose ancestors had held a curule magistracy under the Republic) tended therefore to regard Aper rather as we might regard 'a Boer peer'.

PAGE 7, l. 3. The Board of a Hundred (*centumviri*) was a court of judges dating from early times. Under the Empire they seem to have actually numbered nearly 200, and to have sat usually in four separate panels. It is probable that their jurisdiction was always civil, and gradually became limited to inheritance cases. With the decline in importance of the permanent courts under the Empire they became more important (vide chap. xxxviii). The members were subpoenaed like a modern jury.

CHAPTER VIII

l. 22. Vibius Crispus was, like Eprius Marcellus, an informer who rose to high office and became proverbial for his wealth. Quintilian speaks of him as a neat and pleasing speaker, better suited for private than for public cases; and Tacitus describes him in the *Histories* as a man who was more famous than good.

PAGE 8, l. 14. 'Caesar's Friends' formed a sort of semi-official Privy Council composed of Senators and Equites.

l. 20. i.e. Silver or bronze medallions of the Emperor or of some other great man, with laudatory inscriptions on them. Under the Empire, owing to the rise of 'new families', who had no ancestors to commemorate, these portraits took the place of the old 'imagines', busts of ancestors with wax masks, which could only be exhibited by 'noble' families whose ancestors had held curule office. Some of these medallion-portraits hang on the walls of private houses at Pompeii.

PAGE 10, l. 30. Nicostratus was a Greek amateur athlete, who in A.D. 50 won both the *pancratium* and the wrestling match on the same day. In Rome the serious practice of athletic sports was, as in modern England, confined to professionals.

PAGE 11, l. 17. i.e. the Emperor. To champion Cato, the typical figure of republicanism, was to attack the Empire.

CHAPTER XI

PAGE 12, l. 2. Vatinius was the notorious cobbler of Beneventum whose Bardolphian nose gave his name to a certain kind of four-nozzled beaker. Tacitus describes him elsewhere as being low-born, deformed, foul-mouthed, and 'one of the nastiest spectacles of Nero's court'. Maternus must have attacked him covertly in some play.

CHAPTER XII

PAGE 13, l. 12. C. Asinius Pollio and M. Valerius Messala Corvinus (probably an ancestor of the Messala who joins the discussion in chap. xiv) were both members of the versatile Roman aristocracy, statesmen, soldiers, poets, historians, and orators. Both were born under the Republic and died during Augustus's principate.

l. 13. L. Varius Rufus was an epic and tragic poet, a friend of Horace and Vergil, and one of the original editors of the *Aeneid*. Ovid's tragedy *Medea* was ranked among his best work; Quintilian praises its literary restraint, and claims for Varius's *Thyestes* a favourable comparison with any Greek tragedy.

CHAPTER XIII

l. 25. Pomponius Secundus was a tragic poet and an intimate friend of the elder Pliny, who wrote his biography in two volumes. Quintilian praises him as the best dramatist of the day. Critics of the older school thought his tragedies lacking in incident, but their brilliant and scholarly style was universally admired.

l. 26. Domitius Afer was a famous orator under Nero. Quintilian ranks him with Julius Africanus far above all other contemporary speakers. Afer was distinguished by a rich mellow style, Africanus by his spirited delivery, which, however, did not make him prolix or careless in the choice of words.

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE 14, l. 19. *Vipstanus Messalla*. See Introduction.

PAGE 15, l. 8. Julius Africanus was, like his biographer Aper, a Gaul. See note on Domitius Afer, chap. xiii.

CHAPTER XV.

l. 17. Messala's brother—or perhaps cousin—M. Aquilius Regulus, was a notorious informer and sycophant. Pliny calls him 'the most blackguardly of bipeds', and rejoices to hear of his death, adding, 'would it had been earlier!'

PAGE 16, l. 2. Sacerdos Nicetes was a well-known sophist and teacher of rhetoric, who developed the flowery 'Asiatic' style *ad nauseam*.

CHAPTER XVII

PAGE 17, ll. 10, 11, 12. Menenius Agrippa was the orator sent to intercede with the Plebeians at the time of their first withdrawal from Rome in B.C. 494. He figures in Shakespeare's *Coriolanus*, and there follows historical tradition by reciting to the discontented commons the fable of the belly and the rebel members.

The Caelius here mentioned is Cicero's witty and unprincipled young friend, whom he defended, and with whom he corresponded. He was famous for his sharp tongue, and showed his powers best in prosecution. Quintilian says that he deserved better sense and a longer life. He was killed at the age of forty. Calvus was a friend of Catullus and a rival and critic of Cicero. He was a representative of the pure Attic style, and decried Cicero's incontinent verbosity.

l. 16. B.C. 43.

CHAPTER XVIII

PAGE 18, l. 18. Servius Sulpicius Galba was an older contemporary of Laelius and the younger Scipio Africanus. Cicero calls him 'a god in oratory'. C. Papirius Carbo was at first a friend and afterwards an opponent of Caius Gracchus. L. Licinius Crassus (see note on l. 25) first became famous as a speaker by

prosecuting him with such virulence that Carbo committed suicide 119 B.C.

l. 25. The elder Cato, who was Censor in 184 B.C., was the first prolific writer in Latin prose, and Cicero considered him the first real Roman orator whose compositions were worth reading. To Caius Gracchus Cicero often alludes as the most eloquent, brilliant, and vigorous of all Roman orators. Plutarch says that 'the swift flight of his political oratory made all other speakers seem babes in the art'.

l. 26. L. Licinius Crassus was the most distinguished Roman orator before Cicero, who as a boy had studied under him. Cicero thought so highly of Crassus that in his *De Oratore* he identifies himself with him, and makes Crassus the mouthpiece of his views. This, from Cicero, is a very high compliment. Wit and scholarship were the two most distinctive qualities of his oratory.

l. 29. M. Valerius Messala Corvinus—see note chapter xii.

PAGE 19, l. 6. Appius Claudius Caecus was the famous statesman, poet, scholar, and orator of the fourth century A.D., the builder of the Appian Way. He was considered the originator of Latin prose composition, and the first to imitate Greek models in Roman poetry.

l. 15. Cicero's chief critics were the speakers of the Attic school, who modelled their style on that of Lysias. The chief of these were Brutus and Calvus (see note on chapter xvii). Besides these a son of Asinius Pollio published a book comparing Cicero unfavourably with his father; and a work entitled 'Ciceromastix' is mentioned by Aulus Gellius. These critics found Cicero 'unduly turgid and Asiatic and redundant; too much given to repetition; sometimes insipid in his witticisms; feeble, diffuse, and even effeminate in his composition'. Quintilian thought this rank blasphemy: modern critics are less easily shocked.

CHAPTER XIX

l. 20. Cassius Severus was one of the first and most successful of the epigrammatic speakers whose style Tacitus subsequently

made his own. His biting wit was famous, and he was banished by Tiberius for libel. Quintilian praises his caustic humour, but finds him flighty and 'more ready to be swayed by his liver than his reason'.

PAGE 20, l. 4. Hermagoras of Temnos was a Stoic teacher of scholastic rhetoric in the second century B.C. He led a reaction against the 'varnished' 'Asiatic' style into which Greek orators had degenerated. He published a work—*De Inventione*—which dealt with the subject-matter of oratory, and the arguments that a speaker may use. This was very popular with Roman students in the early part of the first century B.C.

Apollodorus of Pergamum was a professor of rhetoric, who tutored Octavian at Apollonia. As he appears to have scoffed very sensibly at the endless enumeration of 'figures of speech', Tacitus seems unfair to him here.

CHAPTER XX

PAGE 21, l. 4. Q. Roscius Gallus was Rome's greatest comedian, who taught Cicero declamation, and was defended by him. His histrionic skill was proverbial. He was a declaimer of the old school. Turpio Ambivius was an actor-manager, who produced several of Terence's plays.

CHAPTER XXI

l. 26. A Canutius prosecuted Oppianicus in the case of Cluentius, for whom Cicero spoke. The allusion here is probably to him. The other names are obscure and their spelling uncertain. Evidently they denote inferior orators.

CHAPTER XXIII

PAGE 24, l. 19. Aufidius Bassus and Servilius Nonianus were politicians and historians of the first century A.D. Their style shared the affectation of the times. L. Cornelius Sisenna wrote a history of his own time in the first century B.C. M. Terentius Varro Reatinus is the famous 'polymath' who wrote insatiably on all subjects. The allusion here is to his historical works *Antiquitates*, *Annales*, *Aetia*, *Rerum Urbanarum libri*, &c.

CHAPTER XXV

PAGE 27, l. 5. Aper had not mentioned Laelius. This inaccuracy is probably designed to give a colloquial effect.

CHAPTER XXVI

l. 13. C. Maecenas, the patron of Horace, was famous for the effeminacy and affectation of his style. It was so involved and meandering and irregular, says Seneca, that it seemed the utterance of a drunken man. Gallio, a contemporary and friend of Ovid, was St. Paul's judge at Corinth.

PAGE 28, l. 18. Gabinianus was a Gallic rhetorician of the modern school.

CHAPTER XXX

PAGE 31, l. 19. Q. Mucius Scaevola, who died about 88 B.C., was uncle to the more famous jurist of the same name. He was more of a lawyer than an orator.

CHAPTER XXXI

PAGE 33, l. 11. Metrodorus of Lampsacus was one of Epicurus's pupils. Cicero calls him 'almost a second Epicurus'.

CHAPTER XXXV

PAGE 37, l. 26. B.C. 92.

CHAPTER XXXVII.

PAGE 40, l. 15. M. Licinius Mucianus, the emperor-maker, helped Vespasian to the principate and aided him in the inauguration of his government. Cf. *Agricola*, chapter vii.

CHAPTER XXXVIII;

PAGE 42, l. 2. The allusion is to the *Lex Pompeia de vi et ambitu* passed by Pompeius as sole consul in 52 B.C.

l. 8. See note on chapter vii, page 121.

CHAPTER XXXIX

PAGE 43, l. 15. These are all cases in which Cicero appeared for the defence. His speeches for C. Cornelius, who was acquitted of treason, and for M. Aemilius Scaurus, acquitted of provincial

extortion, are extant in fragments. L. Cornelius Bestia was one of the Catilinarian conspirators, whom Cicero had unsuccessfully defended on a charge of bribery and corruption. The speech is lost.

AGRICOLA

CHAPTER I

PAGE 49, l. 13. P. Rutilius Rufus and M. Aurelius Scaurus were prominent statesmen and orators in the last years of the second century B.C. Rutilius was a Stoic. Cicero describes him in a familiar tag as 'The flower not only of his own but of every age', and mentions Scaurus's three-volume autobiography as a useful book, which nobody reads.

CHAPTER II

l. 21. Arulenus Rusticus, Thrasea Paetus, Herennius Senecio and Helvidius Priscus all belonged to the Stoic opposition. Nero condemned Thrasea to death and his son-in-law Helvidius to exile in 66 B.C. Tacitus tells their story in the sixteenth book of the *Annals*. See chapter xlv and note on page 132.

l. 24. Tresviri Capitaes were the Commissioners of Police, responsible for the custody of convicts, the supervision of executions, and the maintenance of good order in the streets.

PAGE 50, l. 3. Under Domitian all philosophers were banished from Italy. Among them was Epictetus, who migrated to Nicopolis.

CHAPTER III

l. 25. i.e. Domitian.

PAGE 51, l. 1. This is a statement of Tacitus's intention to write the *Histories*, covering the period from Galba's second consulship down to the death of Domitian.

CHAPTER IV

l. 9. Strictly a *nobilis* was a man whose ancestor had risen to curule offices. The curule offices not being open to 'equites', the position of financial agent in one of the imperial provinces was the highest they could hold. The holders of this were numbered among the *illustres equites*, and constituted a sort of secondary nobility.

CHAPTER VI

PAGE 53, l. 17. The praetors at this date numbered from twelve to eighteen. Of these only two, the praetor urbanus and the praetor peregrinus, performed judicial functions. Agricola escaped the prominence which such duties entailed.

l. 24. Nero had robbed the temples to replace the works of art lost in the great fire. His misappropriations were beyond remedy, but Agricola recovered treasure from private persons who had received gifts from Nero or committed smaller thefts themselves.

CHAPTER VII

l. 27. Intimilium is now Ventimiglia, the frontier town between France and Italy on the Riviera.

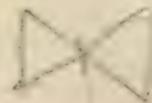
PAGE 54, l. 9. This legion—called Valens Victrix—was one of the three stationed in Britain, probably at Chester. Consequently Agricola's appointment necessitated a journey to Britain, where we find him in the next chapter.

CHAPTER IX

PAGE 56, l. 9. A post on the College of Pontiffs was a coveted and sinecure distinction. The Emperor had the right of nomination, and used it to secure the goodwill of important persons.

CHAPTER X

l. 24. The head of a battle-axe is a double triangle with the apices joined. Presumably, if the resemblance applies only to England without Scotland, the comparison is to *one* of these triangles.



CHAPTER XI

PAGE 58, l. 22. The Silurians lived in South Wales and Monmouthshire. Later ethnologists have also suggested an affinity between these Welshmen and the Basques.

PAGE 59, l. 1. Probably the rites of Druidism.

CHAPTER XII

l. 27. Tacitus here betrays a belief—which Pliny shares—that night was nothing but the shadow of the earth. The north of Britain, he holds, is flat. Therefore the earth's shadow is there very low. Hence the days are long, and even at night the sky is light: the earth's shadow is too low to obscure it. As this satisfied Tacitus, we must leave it a mystery.

CHAPTER XIII

PAGE 60, l. 24. See *Germania*, chapter xxxvii.

CHAPTER XIV

PAGE 61, l. 2. The province at this date or a little later comprised the whole of Britain south and east of a line drawn from Caerleon to Chester and thence east to the mouth of the Humber. (See dotted line on map, page 57.)

l. 3. The colony was Camalodunum (Colchester).

CHAPTER XVII

PAGE 63, l. 26. The Brigantes were a tribe or union of tribes who lived north of the Humber from coast to coast. Their northern boundary is uncertain.

CHAPTER XVIII

PAGE 64, l. 10. The Ordovices lived in Central and North Wales—in Montgomery, Merioneth, Carnarvon, Flint, Denbigh.

. 29. Mona=Anglesey.

PAGE 65, l. 18. A sign of the news of victory.

CHAPTER XXII

PAGE 67, l. 19. *Tanaus*. This cannot be identified. *Tan* is the Celtic name for running water. Thus the names of many estuaries may have been formed from this root. The difficulty of identification is increased by the fact that Tacitus may well be wrong both as to the name and position of the estuary. *Tanaus* may conceal another name for the Firth of Forth (*Bodotria*); or the North Tyne at Dunbar might be meant. Clearly *Agricola* has crossed the border.

CHAPTER XXIV

PAGE 68, l. 26. As we saw in chapter x, Tacitus believed that the west coast of England faced Spain. Thus Ireland must be conceived as lying between England and Spain. *Agricola* considered that, if occupied, it would form a useful tie between Britain, Gaul, Spain, Upper and Lower Germany, whence recruits for the Roman army were mostly drawn. See small map on page 57.

l. 30. The words in the MSS. are doubtful in this place; some may have dropped out. The meaning seems to be that the Roman trade with Ireland, of which the spade has discovered recent evidences, made the coast and its harbours better known than the interior of the island.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PAGE 71, l. 17. *all they could find*. The words of the MSS. are here illegible: probably there is some omission. The translation gives the general sense. The words in italics have no counterpart in the Latin text.

l. 24. *Suebi* or *Suevi* is a generic name for a large number of German tribes. Most of these dwelt between the Elbe and the western coast. But here must be meant a branch living on the coast of Holland. See *Germania*, chapter xxxviii.

The *Frisii* occupied the north of Holland. Their name survives in Friesland. See *Germania*, chapters xxxiv-xlv.

CHAPTER XXIX

PAGE 72, l. 7. *Graupius*. This is the spelling of the best MSS. There is no reason to suppose that the Grampians are meant. It must suffice to know that this battle was fought in Caledonia, and at no very great distance from Agricola's sea-base. The most probable suggestion as to the site is Prof. Haverfield's, who supposes that the battle was fought near Stanley Junction, where the Tay and the Isla meet. There is, he explains, in the policies of Delvine at Inchtuthill a large encampment, not yet fully explored, but containing remains which agree well with the date of Agricola's campaign. It is, moreover, about the most northern point at which a Roman encampment has for certain been found in Caledonia. It is a fairly favourable strategic point, and suits the rather vague description of the battle as well as any other site. The actual battle, however, may have been delivered at some little distance from Inchtuthill itself.

CHAPTER XXX

PAGE 73, l. 4. The plain meaning of this high rhetoric is that the Caledonians had hitherto been feared as the unknown element in Britain. Now that they are discovered, the protection of mystery is lost.

CHAPTER XXXI

PAGE 74, l. 4. *Brigantes*. See chapter xvi.

l. 7. No emendation of the text can be certain. I do not think that any sense can be got from the words in Mr. Furneaux's text, and have therefore translated Orelli's reading '*libertatem non in poenitentiam laturo*'. The meaning is 'we will not misuse our liberty, as the Brigantes did, and thus have to repent of it'.

CHAPTER XXXVI

PAGE 78, l. 20. The reading of the MSS. is unintelligible. Mr. Furneaux and Orelli both leave the enigma unsolved. Kritz, by reading *aegre cliuo instantes*, without a very violent alteration

of the letters in the MSS., obtains a meaning which is here translated.

CHAPTER XXXVIII

PAGE 80, l. 21. *Trucculensis*. Neither this harbour nor the tribe of the Boresti mentioned above can be identified. But it is clear that the Boresti are a Caledonian tribe, and that the harbour must be somewhere in the neighbourhood of the Firth of Forth.

CHAPTER XL

PAGE 81, l. 15. Only a member of the Imperial family could hold an actual triumph, such as the successful generals of the Republic held.

CHAPTER XLI

PAGE 82, l. 19. Between the years 85 and 92 A.D.

CHAPTER XLII

PAGE 83, l. 6. *Civica Cerialis*, the late pro-consul of Asia.

CHAPTER XLIV

PAGE 84, l. 31. Caligula's third consulship. ~~A.D. 40.~~

PAGE 85, l. 1. Consulship of Collega and Priscus. ~~A.D. 93.~~

l. 31. Metius Carus and Messalinus were notorious informers. Baebius Massa was a court favourite whom Pliny accused of misconduct in Africa. When Agricola died his ruin seemed imminent; but that hope was frustrated.

PAGE 86, l. 3. Helvidius was a son of the Helvidius Priscus mentioned in chapter ii, and in the Dialogue, chapter v. Like his father he suffered for his Republicanism. Arulenus Rusticus's crime was that he called Paetus Thrasea (see chap. ii) a saint, and Senecio was punished for writing a biography of Helvidius Priscus.

l. 21. Tacitus was apparently absent in one of the Imperial provinces from 89 until late in 93 A.D. He may have been pro-praetor in Belgica, but this is no more than a guess.

GERMANY

CHAPTER II

PAGE 90, l. 15. The meaning appears to be this. The first tribe which crossed the Rhine was called Germani. To alarm the Gauls they said that all the tribes beyond the Rhine were Germani. Thus the Gauls came to know the whole race by the name of a single tribe: and subsequently the race accepted this tribe-name as their own. Similarly the Italians knew the Hellenes as Graeci, and the French now call the Germans Allemands (Allemani). If the name Germani is of Celtic origin it may mean Loud-shouters or possibly Neighbours.

CHAPTER III

l. 16. Tacitus means a German hero with attributes similar to those of Hercules. The allusion may be to Irmin or to Thor. Tacitus throughout calls the German gods by corresponding Roman names.

l. 19. *Shield-song*. This translation rests on the supposition that *barditum*, the best-supported reading, is formed from *bardbi*, 'a shield.'

CHAPTER VI

PAGE 92, l. 25. The words 'to the right' cannot be correct in the text. Tacitus could not have thought that the German cavalry wheeled always to the right, and never to the left. He means that, whether they rode forwards, or made a flank turn, they always kept in line, never moving in single file, but forming the radius of a circle, each horseman adapting his speed to his position.

CHAPTER VII

PAGE 93, l. 20. *grove*. See chapters ix and xliii.

l. 28. *examine*. The meaning may be 'they demand wounds', i. e. as a proof of courage.

CHAPTER VIII

PAGE 94, l. 14. A sly allusion to the canonization of Drusilla, Caligula's sister, and Nero's wife, Poppaea Sabina.

CHAPTER IX

l. 15. *Mercury*. The allusion is probably to the German Wuodan or Woden (Norse Odin), whose name survives in Wednesday. Cf. note on chap. iii.

l. 17. *Mars*. The German Tiu (Norse Tyr), whom Tuesday commemorates.

CHAPTER XI

PAGE 96, l. 2. We preserve a relic of this custom in our words 'sennight' and 'fortnight'.

CHAPTER XII

l. 29. i.e. declare the law and give it binding force.

CHAPTER XV

PAGE 98, l. 13. This is probably meant as a contradiction to Caesar's statement that 'the whole life of the Germans is spent in hunting and the practice of war'.

CHAPTER XVII

PAGE 99, l. 23. The more civilized Germans near the Roman frontier wore clothes as men who are used to them. The more savage tribes looked self-conscious and uncomfortable in their clothes, as a modern Hottentot does in a frock-coat.

l. 26. i.e. the skin of seals found in the German Ocean and the Baltic.

CHAPTER XVIII

PAGE 100, l. 14. This interchange of gifts constituted a German marriage; whereas a Roman marriage might include a binding oath, the elaborate ceremonies of the *confarreatio*, and references to Hymen, Juno, Venus, and a host of other gods and goddesses.

CHAPTER XIX

PAGE 101, l. 3. *the spirit of the age*. 'Fin du siècle' was similarly used by the decadents of the nineteenth century. The Germans use 'Zeitgeist' with this and most other meanings.

l. 10. The word 'Agnati' here means 'additional children', i. e. children born after the heirs had been settled, and the family made up. At Rome such infants were inconvenient, and often exposed.

l. 12. The reference is of course to Rome, where the Lex Julia of B.C. 17 and the Lex Papia Poppaea of A.D. 9 had been passed to encourage and regulate marriage.

CHAPTER XX

l. 17. *nurses*. Another glance at Roman degeneracy, see the *Dialogue*, pages 29 and 30.

PAGE 102, l. 3. In Rome the rich who had no heirs were assiduously courted by legacy-hunters. Thus it paid to be childless. See the *Dialogue*, chap. vi, page 5.

CHAPTER XXVIII

PAGE 106, l. 11. *Agrippina*. The Ubii were settled on the left bank of the Rhine by M. Agrippa about 38 B.C. When they became a colony in A.D. 50 their 'founder' was the Empress Agrippina.

CHAPTER XXIX

PAGE 107, l. 10, end. The exact meaning of the terms here translated as 'Tithe-lands' cannot be determined. The territory referred to seems to be a margin on the German bank of the frontier-rivers, left waste as a sort of protective 'buffer' against enemies. Those who squatted there would have no legal title to their holdings, though the words seem to imply that they paid tithes to the Imperial Treasury. Probably after Domitian's campaign of A.D. 83 the frontier was extended and this territory definitely included within the Roman province.

CHAPTER XXXIII

PAGE 109, l. 25. For the sentiment compare *Agricola*, chap. xii, page 59. Tacitus compares these intestine German contests to a gladiatorial show, and rejoices in the fact that Rome's strength lay in the disunion of her enemies.

CHAPTER XXXIV

l. 28. Friesland.

PAGE 110, l. 7. Drusus, afterwards surnamed Germanicus, Tiberius's brother, explored Germany and subdued the hostile tribes as far as the Elbe, B.C. 12-9. See also chap. xxxvii.

CHAPTER XXXV

l. 14. Jutland.

CHAPTER XXXVII

PAGE 111, l. 19. B.C. 113.

l. 21. A.D. 98.

l. 31. The Parthians, who lost Pacorus, their king's son, in the battle of Carrhae (B.C. 53) at which Crassus fell, were subdued fifteen years later by Ventidius Bassus, whose origin as a mule-driver is supposed to add to their humiliation.

PAGE 112, l. 3. Between 113 and 105 B.C.

l. 5. A.D. 9 in the Teutoburgian forest.

l. 6. B.C. 101. The battle on the Raudine plain.

l. 7. Caesar defeated Ariovistus, a German king, in 58 B.C.

l. 8. These campaigns lasted from B.C. 12 to A.D. 16.

l. 9. See *Agricola*, chapter xiii, page 60.

l. 12. The revolt of Civilis, A.D. 69-70.

CHAPTER XLI

PAGE 114, l. 22. i.e. Augusta Vindelicorum (Augsburg).

l. 29. Augustus's plan of making the Elbe the frontier of the Empire had been abandoned after the defeat of Varus, A.D. 9.

CHAPTER XLIII

PAGE 115, l. 20. i.e. they could easily make themselves weapons wherewith to assert their independence.

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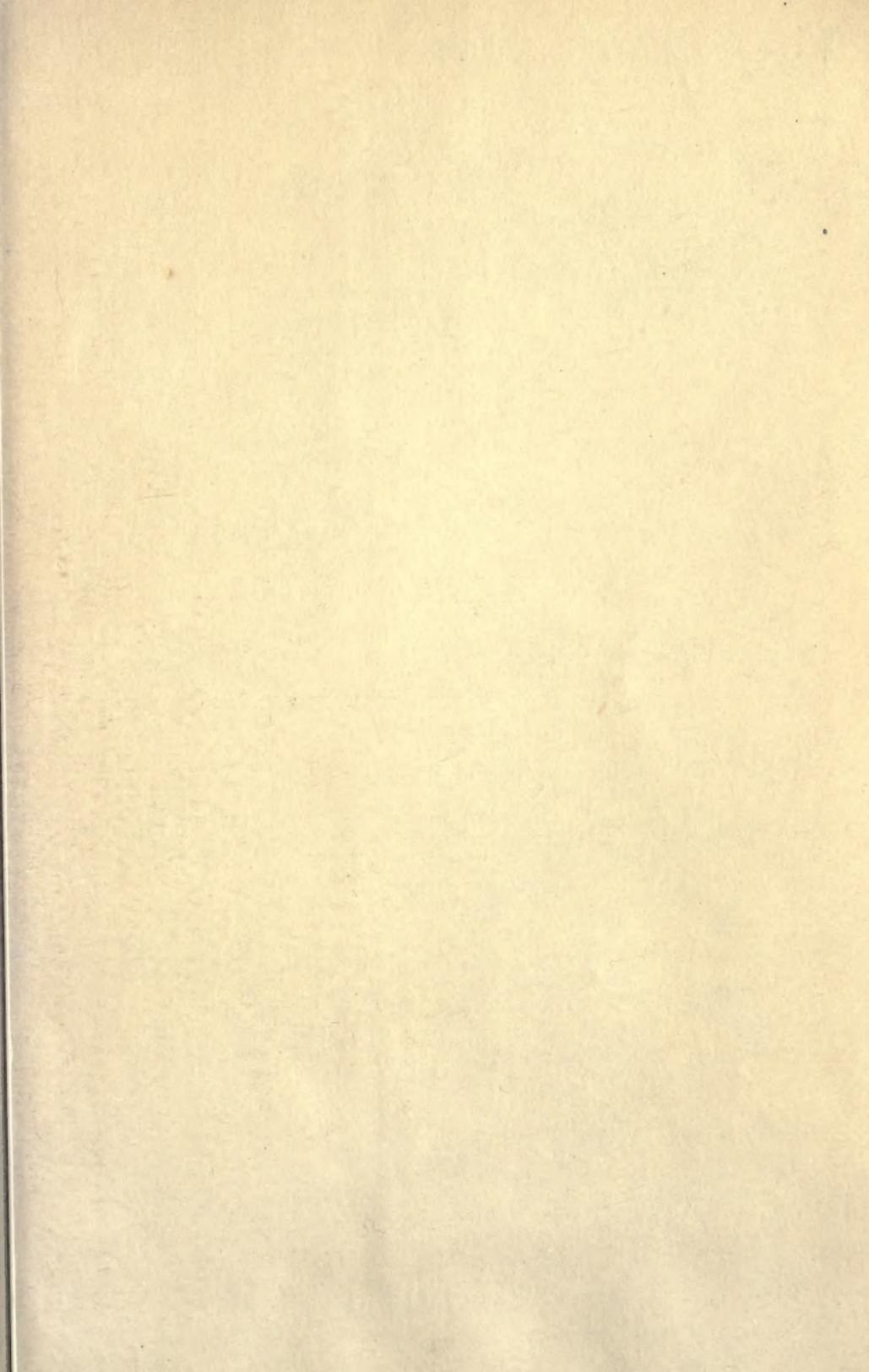
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